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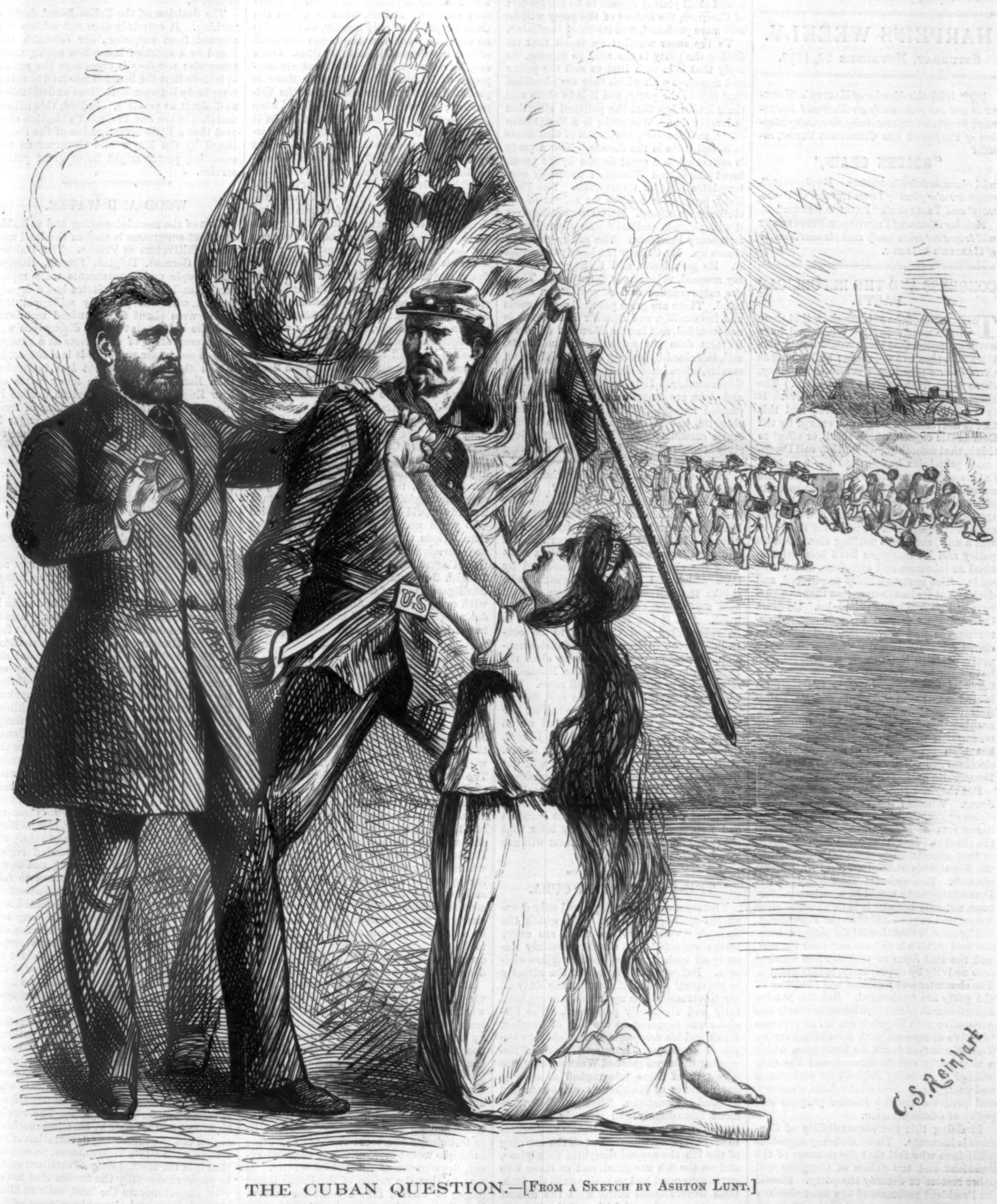

THE CUBAN QUESTION.—[FROM A SKETCH BY ASHTON LUNT.]

President Grant. "Let's be sure we're Right, then go ahead!"

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1873.

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CONGRESS AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE events of the autumn show that there will be no new party. We, indeed, have never supposed that there would be, for parties grow, they are not made; and as long as there are no new issues before the country, there is no fresh nucleus for a party. The Democratic success is purely negative. It is a protest, and nothing more; and this fact is universally recognized, except by the Democratic organs, which think, or affect to think, that something which they call Democratic principles has "swept the country." Let us clear our minds of cant. There are no such principles. When the Democrats last controlled Congress and the Administration they supported slavery and the policy that it demanded. Upon that the party was a unit, and upon nothing else. But its policy and its measures have been stigmatized as inhuman and atrocious, and thrust aside. The party officially acquiesced, and declared at its last Convention that as a party it had no free trade principles. Its State Conventions this year have denounced extravagance and corruption, and have declared certain political doctrines which the party practice has utterly contemned, and have expressed various opinions upon the financial situation. In Ohio the platform hinted taxation of the bonds, and Mr. THURMAN opposed resumption. In New York nothing was said of bonds, and immediate resumption was demanded. No new issue has been presented to the country. The elections are wholly negative so far as the Democratic party is concerned.

But they are very positive for the Republicans. Whether the Democrats have principles or not, they have votes, and if Republicans stay at home, those votes will carry the election. It is, however, doubtful whether that apprehension alone would draw out the Republican strength, even in a general election. The national ascendency of the Democratic party would be a serious misfortune, not only because it is in no sense more honest and economical than the Republican, but because it contains all the political heresies and perils which have survived the war, and the real force of which, when warmed into activity by opportunity, is incalculable. The character and *personnel* and tendency of the party are unchanged. But the passive consciousness of this fact becomes yearly less persuasive with Republicans in the presence of active discontent with Republican errors. That discontent is not an issue upon which a new party can be formed, and the only method of arousing Republican enthusiasm and energy is to show that reform, economy, and progress are the sincere purpose and policy of administration.

In doing this the responsibility of Congress is immense. There are many sagacious politicians who feel that the message of the President and the action of Congress will either restore or destroy the party. Should the President recommend the most absolute and searching economy, inflexibly oppose inflation as the first and fatal step toward the French assignats and the Continental currency, and exhort Congress to reduce the appropriations and refuse subsidies of every kind, and should Congress, in the same spirit, shut up the by-ways of swindling—the omnibus bills and the deficiency bills and the land-grant bills—and withstand the pressure for inflation of the currency, and both the executive and legislative branches combine to remove the abuses of the civil service, not here and there, but generally and upon a defined principle, and if such acts are but signs of a mature policy, the country, which does not trust the Democratic party, will become as positively Republican as it has ever been. It is, indeed, a calamity for the party that certain of its conspicuous members in Congress have neither the respect nor the confidence of the best Republicans. The conscience and self-respect of the party, for instance, reject leaders of the BUTLER school as peremptorily and contemptuously as Massachusetts Republicans rejected the General himself. And if that school shall plainly appear to be the leaders of Congress, the feeling of the party will be still more profound, and its doom imminent.

To the sneer whether we think that reducing the party is the road to success, we reply that it is such leaders and the policy and measures with which they are identified that reduce the party, and it is to them and their leadership that the political situation is largely due. Wisconsin is a Republican State, and Senator CARPENTER of that State is conspicuous in the Senate. Now a party is estimated in a great degree by its prominent chiefs, and Wisconsin naturally contemplates Senator CARPENTER. The President proposes a scheme for reform of the civil service abuses. Mr. CARPENTER covers it with ridicule, and the Senate elects him its temporary President. The salary-grab bill comes up. Mr. CARPENTER lustily advocates it. He goes home, and finding the country aroused, vehemently defends it. There are extravagance and corruption on every hand. There are gross political recklessness and immorality, and Senator CARPENTER is not troubled, and laughs liberally. General BUTLER does the same in Massachusetts, and, sustained by leading officers of the civil service, offers himself as a candidate for the Governorship. It is an off year, we allow, and there are granges in Wisconsin and an excited anti-prohibition feeling in Massachusetts, but Wisconsin elects the Democratic candidates, and Massachusetts gives sixty thousand less Republican majority than last year.

These are illustrations. Who, then, have wounded the Republican party? Those who defend extravagance and dishonesty, or those who demand honor and economy? Forbearance and acquiescence are excellent virtues. But what sane passenger forbears and acquiesces when he sees officers scuttling the ship? Politics are governed by laws which the common politician, who thinks that all motives are mean and all men mercenary, can not possibly comprehend. And if the Republican party is to be represented and Congress to be controlled by the BUTLER school of statesmanship, Wisconsin will continue to elect the Democratic candidates, and the Massachusetts majority will dwindle still more. The action of Congress will be the real Republican platform. It is not by what we say when we wish power, but by what we do when we have power, that we are judged. Congress will be watched as never before. There are men and journals that will not silently see the immense and beneficent forces of the Republican party recklessly or ignorantly dissipated; and from the tone of the party press since the elections Senators and Representatives may justly infer that the Republican journals this winter will not merely echo and reverberate.

THE BUTCHERY IN CUBA.

THE massacre at Santiago will only deepen the feeling of disgust with which the Spanish "Volunteers" in Cuba are every where regarded. It should certainly destroy all wish to annex them as fellow-citizens. But while the horror at the atrocity is universal and most natural, the duty of our Government has up to this writing been fully and vigorously performed. The *Virginius* was captured on the 31st of October. RYAN and his companions were shot on the 4th of November. Late on the 6th of November the news reached Washington. The Secretary of State telegraphed at once to our minister at Madrid to remonstrate and demand explanations. The Spanish Government immediately and strongly expressed its regret, and ordered the Cuban authorities to stay all proceedings. But on the morning of the 7th the second slaughter took place, and on the 8th the third, and of these two our Government had no notice until the 12th. Both Governments acted with the utmost promptness and good faith, and they can not justly be censured. Our own Administration would have been recreant to its duty had it acted further without knowledge of the facts upon which its action must depend.

When those facts are known, the Government will not be content with protesting in the name of humanity and civilization against the atrocities of the Volunteers; but, if it should appear that American citizens have been murdered by a drum-head court-martial, it will require the swift and adequate punishment of the offenders, with a distinct understanding that henceforth captives upon both sides shall be held as prisoners of war. Recognition of the belligerent rights of the insurgents is not a remedy. It is true, as the President says, that every government must decide when to grant such rights; but it is no less true that a proper regard for the friendly community of nations will prevent such recognition except upon reasonable grounds. The insurrection in Cuba, however prolonged it may be, has not yet organized a government, so far as this Government knows, which is able to protect the rights of American citizens. Indeed, what is called the Cuban republic is only a camp, and there is no evidence whatever that it has any kind of authority beyond its military lines. There may be deep sympathy with what are supposed to be the Cuban aims, as there is profound horror at the conduct of the Volunteers; and we may choose to go and keep order in the island, believing that Spain is unable to do it, as England, France, and Russia forcibly interfered in behalf of the Greeks against Turkey in 1827. But even the recognition of the independence of the Cuban republic, unless we took up arms for it, would not save it from the fury of the Volunteers.

Our Government will of course remind Spain that our proximity to Cuba exposes us to constant annoyance, and that we can not be forced every few months to renew demands for explanations and apologies. Spain must show that she has a real authority in Cuba, or we must, with perfect respect for a friendly power, take care of our own rights in that island. In 1822 England was an ally of Spain, but as it was evident that Spain had lost her hold of her American colonies, England sent consuls to some of the principal colonial ports, although Spain refused to concede colonial independence. But we need have no fear that General GRANT'S Administration will not defend the American flag, and put an end to Cuban slaughter. The President is known to be very friendly to Cuba; and during the long and delicate and difficult complications arising from the Cuban troubles, neither Cuban, nor Spaniard, nor American has had just cause of complaint of the Secretary of State. Nothing would more please the gentlemen who wage war upon Spain in New York than serious trouble between that country and ourselves; but it will be remembered that CASTELAR, the head of the present Spanish Government, is a most sincere and intelligent friend of this country, and shares with every honorable American the earnest desire of peace and good understanding between his country and ours.

PUBLIC JUSTICE AND POLICE LAW.

THE Bank of England lately sent a corroborated statement of MACDONNELL, the forger, to the authorities of the city of New York, charging two detectives, Captain JAMES IRVING and PHILIP FARLEY, with guilty collusion with MACDONNELL. The accused invited the fullest investigation, which was undertaken by the Police Board. In the nature of the case, MACDONNELL'S testimony must be very important, and the object being the truth, the confession was offered in evidence. But Mr. E. DELAFIELD SMITH, the Corporation Counsel, was asked by the Police Board for an opinion upon the admission of such evidence, and he decided that as MACDONNELL was a convicted felon, and his statement was not sworn to, and as it would not or should not be admitted in a court of law, it ought not to be received by the board acting as a court. It was therefore rejected, and the detectives were acquitted.

But this was in no proper sense a full investigation. No person who desires that, whether an accused officer or member of the removing board, rejects important testimony upon purely technical grounds. Such a board, indeed, is not bound by the rules of a court. By the necessity of the case it must have a discretion which strict conformity to the technical rules of evidence might not always allow. Removal for cause proved is removal upon proof morally satisfactory to the removing power, whether it would be so technically to a court or not. Any other principle would most seriously obstruct every department of the public service. It may be that the action of the Police Board might be carried into a court for review. But that would merely give the court an opportunity to pass upon the validity of the ground of action of the board, which, in the case supposed, would be that the technical rules of evidence did not apply. The possibility of appeal enjoins the board to be careful in the exercise of its power, but it certainly does not make it a court.

Yet where the charge against the officer involves, as in this case, character and reputation, and his removal would be regarded as a conviction of crime, every honorable member of the board will be scrupulously careful, and in the present instance the fact that MACDONNELL was a felon would properly have due weight. But if the board sought only to ascertain the guilt or innocence of the accused, the confession of a criminal would be taken for what it was worth. The moment a merely technical bar is interposed, suspicion of the purpose also justly enters, and a person technically acquitted is not freed from the odium of crime. Moreover, the reason for the adoption of certain rules of evidence should have been weighed by the board before assuming them as guides of action.

The decision of the Police Board decides nothing. It certainly does not release the accused from suspicion, nor establish the board as a court of law when acting upon removals; nor does it encourage the public to believe that the board is resolved to make complicity between detectives and offenders as difficult as possible. Indeed, this action and that in the case of GENET'S election suggest that a little investigation of the Police Board by the Mayor and Governor as the removing power might be of great public service.

WOOD AND WATER.

ONE of the most interesting and valuable of recent congresses is that of the land and forest cultivators at Vienna. The Italian, Dutch, German, Belgian, French, Hungarian people and governments were represented, and the United States had a deputy present, who was probably self-appointed. There were about four hundred members, and the chief point of the discussions was the preservation of the forests as a protection of the water supply. It is a subject in which this country is not less interested than Europe. Already in many parts of New England there is a serious decline in the supply of water, and the value of trees for something else than lumber or sugar is making itself plainly felt. The volume of water in the Ohio is stated in the report of the congress to be evidently diminishing. The same is true of the Hudson, upon which the extent of navigable water is yearly reduced. In the Old World the summer low-water mark of the Elbe in 1837 showed a diminished supply in half a century of ten feet. The Rhine and the Oder have likewise declined.

The facts presented to the congress are striking. Many rivers have entirely disappeared, or are shrunken to little streams. In Palestine the springs are dry. The Jordan is four feet lower that in former days. Greece has suffered severely from the fall of the forests. In Hungary the drought is periodical. Sardinia and Sicily have lost their ancient fruitfulness. On the other hand, there were formerly but five or six days of rain during the year in the Delta of lower Egypt, but since MEHEMET ALI planted some twenty millions of trees, the number of rainy days is forty-five or six. Ismalia, upon the Suez Canal, was built upon a sandy desert, but since the ground has been saturated with water, trees, bushes, and plants have grown, and with the appearance of vegetation the climate has changed. Four or five years ago, says the report, rain was unknown in these regions, but in the year from May, 1868, to May, 1869, there were fourteen days of rain. So, also, near Trieste, a finely wooded region was desolated by the Venetians, and twenty-five years ago rain had ceased to fall. But, to save the country from total abandonment, the Austrian government planted several millions of olive-trees. The very soil was conveyed in baskets; but, with care, the trees took root and thrived. It is stated also that the conversion of the desert of Utah into a blooming country has raised the Salt Lake seven feet above its old level.

Such facts, collected from every country—facts of forest destruction and coincident decline of the water supply, with the further fact that rivers are independent of national lines—have suggested the wisdom of international action. The Austrian Minister of Agriculture was president of the congress, and he was authorized to communicate with other governments to secure international agreement upon the subject. The resolutions declare that only by such international action can the increasing devastation of the forests, with all its consequences, be stayed; that it is the mutual duty of civilized states to preserve carefully the forests that are of vital importance to the land, such as those at the sources and along the courses of rivers, upon sea-coasts and steep mountain-sides; and that international principles should be laid down, to which the owners of such guardian forests should be subject. The congress recognized that it had not as yet sufficient knowledge of all the evils resulting from this devastation, and demanded more copious and exact data. The importance of the movement is that it commands attention to a subject which has hitherto had no associated and imposing presentation. In this country especially it should be most carefully considered, because, while so much woodland remains, it is still devastated with reckless ignorance. The agricultural papers and the cattle-show orators could do no more signal service than to point out the reality and the reason and the extent of the evil. The Agricultural Department at Washington will, we hope, think it worth some effort to keep the agricultural community informed of the action consequent upon the congress, in whose deliberations we see the dawn of a better day for the trees and the birds, those two faithful and useful friends of the American farmer, which he has too long disregarded.

PARTY FIDELITY.

The Brooklyn *Union*, speaking of *Harper's Weekly*, says:

> "But its non-partisan character leads it to advocate the principle of private judgment in choosing between the candidates put in nomination by opposing parties, which would be destructive of political organizations, and forever prevent the success of a party which encouraged or permitted such a practice. Personal preferences and prejudices should never be allowed to interfere with a man's political duties. If the duty of making nominations of candidates is intrusted to a convention, it is the duty of the party to accept the candidates that are selected for them just as much as it is the duty of the people to accept them when they are elected. Any other rule than this in a republic would lead to anarchy and hopeless confusion, such as are witnessed continually in the South American republics and in Spain, and which have been the chief obstacle to the establishment of a permanent republican government in France."

The *Union* has not a more positive conviction than we of the value of parties in a free government, and we agree with it that mere personal preferences upon indifferent grounds should not and will not lead a sincere man to vote against the candidate of his party. But no man is worthy to vote who will support a candidate whom he believes to be dishonest. To do that is not only to bring his party into just contempt, it is to strike at the moral foundations of society. To say that it is in any intelligible sense a duty for an honest and patriotic man to vote for any knave who may buy a regular nomination is, of course, to end the discussion. The *Union* must either hold that it is impossible for unprincipled men to be nominated, or that it is sometimes essential to the public welfare and stability that rascals should be elected. We do not believe either proposition.

A DEMOCRATIC STATE SENATOR.

The Republicans nominated some unfit candidates for the Legislature, of whom we duly spoke before election. The Democrats, astounded that Republicans could nominate Woodin, nominated and elected Jarvis Lord. Let us consider Jarvis Lord. The Attorney-General of the State has brought a suit for fraud against this Democratic Senator. In the complaint these facts are alleged: The contracting board of the canals issued proposals for repairs of the Chemung Canal and feeder, and mentioned the day upon which the bids would be opened, with notice that the contract would be given to the lowest bidder or bidders who could furnish proper security that the work would be done. On the day appointed for opening the bids several proposals were prepared to be offered at fair rates, and Jarvis Lord and Company thereupon organized a meeting of the bidders. They then put up at auction the privilege of bidding and of controlling all the bids that were to be offered. Jarvis Lord and Company of course bought the right, paying "divers large sums of money" to the others to withdraw. They thus obtained control of all the bids, and destroyed those that were lower than that of one John Leahy, who was one of Jarvis Lord's "Co." They then put in John Leahy's bid, which was of course the lowest, but was also "largely in excess" both of the fair value of the work and of the bids which had been bought. The board, ignorant of the fraud, awarded the contract to the lowest bidder, John Leahy, one of Jarvis Lord's "Co." Leahy immediately assigned the contract to Lord, who has received in five years one hundred and eighty thousand dollars upon it, which is ten thousand dollars a year more than the fair price of the work, the price for which the board would have contracted except for the fraud of Lord and Leahy.

These facts were notorious, and this suit was pending, when the Democratic party of the Rochester district, blushing for Woodin, elected Lord. And such facts as these, with the character of the new leadership of Tammany Hall, show the honest and intelligent voters of New York and of the country what a lofty spirit of purity and reform animates the Democratic party.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S READINGS.

It is a great pleasure to hear Mr. Collins read, for although his voice merely indicates, rather than assumes, the different characters of the story, there is no confusion, and the hearer's attention is wholly concentrated upon the tale. As he is a novelist reading his own work, there is a common impression that the pleasure will be akin to that of Mr. Dickens's readings. But it is as different as the stories of the two authors. *The Dream Woman — a Mystery* is well named, and is a work very characteristic of the peculiar power of Mr. Collins. The action is intense and constant. It is unrelieved by humor, and the charm lies in the skill of construction, not at all in the delineation of character. A spell of horror and of doom overcasts the whole, and the large audience sat for two hours intently listening, and often thrilled. The simple and earnest manner of the reader, his agreeable voice and admirable enunciation, heightened the satisfaction, and both Mr. Collins and his audience could have had no doubt of his success.

STRICT CONSTRUCTION.

In his speech in Washington, which could not have been of less consequence had it been uttered by Mr. Toots himself, Mr. Andrew Johnson alluded to the Constitution, of which he has before spoken, and mentioned the theory of its restricted and limited powers which was held by Washington, Jefferson, "and those great men" who framed it. Now the truth is that the chief act of Jefferson's administration, the acquisition of Louisiana, was done in the most frank and flagrant disregard of the Constitution.

On the 12th of August, 1803, Mr. Jefferson wrote to Mr. Breckinridge that the treaty must be laid before Congress, and that *after it has been ratified* an appeal must be made to the country for authority to do what had been already done. "The Constitution," said Mr. Jefferson, "has made no provision for our holding foreign territory, still less for incorporating foreign nations into our Union." But he did both, and justified it upon the ground of national advantage.

Still more strongly, in a letter of the 30th of August, 1803, to Levi Lincoln, Mr. Jefferson said: "The less that is said about any constitutional difficulty the better. Congress should do what is necessary in silence. I find but one opinion as to the necessity of shutting up the Constitution for some time." Ardent Jeffersonians, who are much troubled by Mr. Thaddeus Stevens's assertion that certain war measures were "outside the Constitution," will observe that he had at least good authority for his phrase.

But Mr. Stevens was wrong. Mr. Jefferson, indeed, was compelled to shut up the Constitution to accomplish his purpose. But no war measure is outside that instrument. The power of making war, which it expressly grants to Congress, carries all the power that was exercised during the war and in ordaining the method of reconstruction. The friends of Mr. Jefferson extol him as a strict constructionist of the straitest sect. But the truth laughs at them. Mr. Jefferson's letter to Mr. Breckinridge contains the most radical and fatal heresy to the strict doctrine. It might have been written by the Whiggest of Presidents. It is not merely a liberal construction, it is a lofty and absolute disregard of the letter of the Constitution. And when the Democratic party brought in Texas by joint resolution, as Jefferson had bought Louisiana by treaty, their contempt of strict construction was equally manifest.

ARE WE DRIFTING TO SPECIE PAYMENTS?

Gold has been selling within a few days at a lower price than it has touched for eleven years, and people are wondering whether there may not, after all, be some plausibility in the President's theory that the crisis is going to bring us back to specie payments. When that theory was first stated it seemed so devoid of substantial grounds that it was not generally received with respect. That commercial failures, financial distress, a general destruction of confidence, and fresh issues of irredeemable paper—legal tenders by the Government and loan certificates by the banks—should lead to a decline in the universally recognized standard of value seemed contrary to all economical laws. According to precedent, the very contrary should have been the result. And yet, instead of going up, gold has steadily declined in each week of the crisis.

This has been due to various causes. Not the least important of these has been the marked preference exhibited at the South for greenbacks over gold. Heretofore, whenever trouble occurred, the Southern planter wanted gold for his cotton. This year he will not sell for gold at all. He wants legal tenders. Merchants who have sent gold to the South for the purchase of cotton have found it impossible to buy, whereas legal tenders have ruled as high as eight per cent. premium at New Orleans, and are even now considerably above par. The new generation of men at the South appear to have grown up under the legal-tender régime, and are satisfied with it. Gold is an article that is unfamiliar to them, and they don't want it.

Again, there is no longer any disposition among the Northern people to hoard gold. Foreign merchants, who have always been in the habit of putting their money into gold on the first symptom of financial trouble, are not buying or holding any coin at present. Thoroughly as confidence is shaken in banks, railways, individuals, and stocks, it seems to be stronger than ever in the national currency.

Finally, the short interest in gold has declined so rapidly of late that it has become difficult to carry gold. For years the shorts have been so numerous that holders of gold have been generally able to procure the currency on their coin at a low rate of interest, or even free of interest altogether. There have been times when the short account was so excessive that owners of gold obtained a premium for its use. But now gold is so near par that the chance of profit on short sales is far less than the possibility of loss. Speculators, consequently, are letting gold alone, and holders are compelled to borrow money on the best terms they can make. Hence during the past week money has been about twice as dear in the Gold-room as in the Stock Exchange. If this goes on, the result would seem to be inevitable. People will get tired of paying twenty-five or forty per cent. interest per annum to carry an article for which there seems to be no demand any where, and which depreciates daily. Sooner or later they will sell. If they do, the premium will probably fall to a figure at which no man in his senses would sell short. At 103 or 104, for instance, there would probably not be a short contract left. How would the long gold be carried in this case? How long would its holders continue to labor under the burden of a property which pays no dividends, and is more expensive to hold than stocks or merchandise?

It has long been evident that the resumption of specie payments in this country would come fortuitously and imperceptibly. The idea that a day would be fixed on which the Government would redeem its paper in coin has been abandoned, together with the old fallacy that resumption could be accomplished by Congressional legislation. If we ever do resume, we shall do so without knowing when we did so, or how we did so. No one can tell the precise day in 1857 when the banks resumed, or the precise day in 1873 when legal tenders ceased to command a premium. It will probably prove equally difficult for the future historian to determine the precise day on which the long suspension caused by the great rebellion came to an end. When gold falls to 103 or 104, there will probably be a rush on the part of holders to secure the small premium, and the decline from 104 to a fraction above par will be likely to be rapid. If the foreign exchanges remained in our favor, no one would want gold except for duties, and when the gold premium becomes fractional, both the banks and their depositors would be likely to disregard it. Importers would be able to obtain gold for duties from the banks, and the latter would receive gold on general deposit just as they received and paid out greenbacks during the late suspension. There would be no announcement of formal resumption. On the contrary, the banks would not consider themselves bound to pay gold to depositors of currency, and the Government would not formally agree to redeem its paper in coin. But, in practice, depositors would get from bank the gold they needed for legitimate business purposes, and no doubt, in case of necessity, the Treasury would let the banks have any surplus gold it held in exchange for greenbacks.

Of the effect of such a practical resumption of specie payments upon the money market it is impossible to exaggerate the importance. Coin is now a mere article of merchandise and an employer of money. It would then become money once more, and would swell the currency of the country not only to the extent of its own volume, but to the extent of the money it now absorbs to carry it besides. The effect would be, in one point of view, as if there were an addition, at one blow, of two hundred millions of legal tenders to the $361,000,000 now afloat; but instead of depreciating the currency and unsettling confidence — which would be the effect of further issues of paper money—the restoration of gold and silver to circulation would restore confidence, and impart solidity to trade and finance. So sudden an increase of money might lead to fresh speculations, to be followed in turn by a fresh crisis; but at any rate, in the mean time, it would cure the trouble that is now upon us.

THE BUTCHERY IN CUBA.

We have already recorded the capture of the *Virginius* by the Spanish gun-boat *Tornado*, and the beginning of the summary execution, or rather butchery, of her officers, crew, and passengers. Later intelligence shows that the *Virginius* was first sighted by the *Tornado* within eighteen miles of the Cuban coast on the 31st of October, distant about six miles, and heading toward her. The *Virginius* at once changed her course, and steamed for the coast of Jamaica, distant about one hundred miles. After an exciting chase of a little more than eight hours, during which a great part of the cargo of the *Virginius* was thrown overboard, she was overhauled and brought to by a couple of shots. She was then taken possession of by two boats' crews from the *Tornado*, which met with no resistance. The Spaniards hauled down the American flag, which the *Virginius* had displayed during the chase, and hoisted that of Spain. Captain Fry handed over the steamer's papers for the examination of the officer in command of the boarding party, and that officer at once took charge of them, and both vessels headed for Santiago de Cuba.

On the 1st of November, at five o'clock in the afternoon, they arrived at that port. Proceedings were immediately begun against the captives as pirates, and notwithstanding the protest of the United States vice consul at that port, they were condemned, and on the morning of the 4th of November four were shot.

A naval court-martial was then organized for the trial of Captain Fry and the crew of the *Virginius*. They were, of course, condemned, after a most expeditious trial, and on the 7th the captain, first mate, second mate, and thirty-four seamen were shot.

The government of the United States, on receipt of the news of the capture, communicated at once with Madrid, and orders were sent from the Spanish government to Santiago de Cuba to stay proceedings; but these orders were insolently disregarded, and the executions went on. On the 8th twelve of the so-called "expeditionists" were shot, and on the 10th fifty-seven more more were put to death.

The latest report from Santiago de Cuba is that only eighteen of the entire ship's company, consisting originally of 169, will be saved. Only four, it is now stated, will escape without suffering some form of punishment, and the remainder of those not shot will be condemned to the chain-gang.

The government at once took vigorous measures to prepare for possible complications with Spain. The Monitor *Manhattan* at the Philadelphia Navy-yard, and national vessels in the Brooklyn, Charlestown, and Norfolk yards, were ordered to be got ready for sea at once. Within a short time we shall have a naval force of great strength in Cuban waters. On page 1061 we give illustrations showing the launch of the new torpedo-boat at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, of the fitting out of the *Manhattan*, and of the *Virginius* at sea.

On page 1060 will be found the portraits of some of the leading members of the expedition, whose summary execution sent a thrill of horror through the civilized world. Many of the Cubans were young men of great promise and worth, and full of ardor in the cause of Cuban freedom.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The first anniversary of the great Boston fire was commemorated on the 10th inst. Mayor Pierce, accompanied by several members of the city government, made an official visit of observation through the burned district, and an inspection of the new buildings erected and street improvements made during the year. The total number of brick, stone, and iron buildings now erected or in process of erection is 355. Of these 115 are completed and occupied, and 240 are in progress of erection.

The amount of mail matter collected and delivered by the carriers of the New York Post-office during the month of October was as follows: Mail letters delivered, 2,934,041; local letters delivered, 1,785,141; newspapers, etc., delivered, 565,783; letters returned to the office, 28,170; letters collected, 4,110,289; newspapers, etc., collected, 264,704.

The jury in the Tweed trial was completed on the 13th inst. Mr. Peckham opened the case for the prosecution, and several witnesses were called to prove the prisoner's crime.

FOREIGN NEWS.

In Spain the Carlists are still in the field. They continue to claim a great victory at Miranda de Arga in spite of the government reports to the contrary. It is reported that another battle has taken place, resulting in a great victory for the Carlists. The republicans are said to have lost 1300 men and the Carlists 200. The insurgent forces at Cartagena have opened a heavy fire both upon the land and naval forces of the government.

Ex-President Thiers is reported to have said to a deputation of French residents of San Francisco recently that the monarchists had suffered a severe check, and that a conservative republic was assured. —The Prolongation Committee reported, on the 15th inst., against extending President M'Mahon's term for more than five years, and in favor of a committee of thirty to consider constitutional bills.

A famine prevails in Greenland, caused by the failure of the fisheries. It is reported that 150 persons have perished in one village.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1873.

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CONGRESS AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE events of the autumn show that there will be no new party. We, indeed, have never supposed that there would be, for parties grow, they are not made; and as long as there are no new issues before the country, there is no fresh nucleus for a party. The Democratic success is purely negative. It is a protest, and nothing more; and this fact is universally recognized, except by the Democratic organs, which think, or affect to think, that something which they call Democratic principles has "swept the country." Let us clear our minds of cant. There are no such principles. When the Democrats last controlled Congress and the Administration they supported slavery and the policy that it demanded. Upon that the party was a unit, and upon nothing else. But its policy and its measures have been stigmatized as inhuman and atrocious, and thrust aside. The party officially acquiesced, and declared at its last Convention that as a party it had no free trade principles. Its State Conventions this year have denounced extravagance and corruption, and have declared certain political doctrines which the party practice has utterly contemned, and have expressed various opinions upon the financial situation. In Ohio the platform hinted taxation of the bonds, and Mr. THURMAN opposed resumption. In New York nothing was said of bonds, and immediate resumption was demanded. No new issue has been presented to the country. The elections are wholly negative so far as the Democratic party is concerned.

But they are very positive for the Republicans. Whether the Democrats have principles or not, they have votes, and if Republicans stay at home, those votes will carry the election. It is, however, doubtful whether that apprehension alone would draw out the Republican strength, even in a general election. The national ascendency of the Democratic party would be a serious misfortune, not only because it is in no sense more honest and economical than the Republican, but because it contains all the political heresies and perils which have survived the war, and the real force of which, when warmed into activity by opportunity, is incalculable. The character and *personnel* and tendency of the party are unchanged. But the passive consciousness of this fact becomes yearly less persuasive with Republicans in the presence of active discontent with Republican errors. That discontent is not an issue upon which a new party can be formed, and the only method of arousing Republican enthusiasm and energy is to show that reform, economy, and progress are the sincere purpose and policy of administration.

In doing this the responsibility of Congress is immense. There are many sagacious politicians who feel that the message of the President and the action of Congress will either restore or destroy the party. Should the President recommend the most absolute and searching economy, inflexibly oppose inflation as the first and fatal step toward the French assignats and the Continental currency, and exhort Congress to reduce the appropriations and refuse subsidies of every kind, and should Congress, in the same spirit, shut up the by-ways of swindling—the omnibus bills and the deficiency bills and the land-grant bills—and withstand the pressure for inflation of the currency, and both the executive and legislative branches combine to remove the abuses of the civil service, not here and there, but generally and upon a defined principle, and if such acts are but signs of a mature policy, the country, which does not trust the Democratic party, will become as positively Republican as it has ever been. It is, indeed, a calamity for the party that certain of its conspicuous members in Congress have neither the respect nor the confidence of the best Republicans. The conscience and self-respect of the party, for instance, reject leaders of the BUTLER school as peremptorily and contemptuously as Massachusetts Republicans rejected the General himself. And if that school shall plainly appear to be the leaders of Congress, the feeling of the party will be still more profound, and its doom imminent.

To the sneer whether we think that reducing the party is the road to success, we reply that it is such leaders and the policy and measures with which they are identified that reduce the party, and it is to them and their leadership that the political situation is largely due. Wisconsin is a Republican State, and Senator CARPENTER of that State is conspicuous in the Senate. Now a party is estimated in a great degree by its prominent chiefs, and Wisconsin naturally contemplates Senator CARPENTER. The President proposes a scheme for reform of the civil service abuses. Mr. CARPENTER covers it with ridicule, and the Senate elects him its temporary President. The salary-grab bill comes up. Mr. CARPENTER lustily advocates it. He goes home, and finding the country aroused, vehemently defends it. There are extravagance and corruption on every hand. There are gross political recklessness and immorality, and Senator CARPENTER is not troubled, and laughs liberally. General BUTLER does the same in Massachusetts, and, sustained by leading officers of the civil service, offers himself as a candidate for the Governorship. It is an off year, we allow, and there are granges in Wisconsin and an excited anti-prohibition feeling in Massachusetts, but Wisconsin elects the Democratic candidates, and Massachusetts gives sixty thousand less Republican majority than last year.

These are illustrations. Who, then, have wounded the Republican party? Those who defend extravagance and dishonesty, or those who demand honor and economy? Forbearance and acquiescence are excellent virtues. But what sane passenger forbears and acquiesces when he sees officers scuttling the ship? Politics are governed by laws which the common politician, who thinks that all motives are mean and all men mercenary, can not possibly comprehend. And if the Republican party is to be represented and Congress to be controlled by the BUTLER school of statesmanship, Wisconsin will continue to elect the Democratic candidates, and the Massachusetts majority will dwindle still more. The action of Congress will be the real Republican platform. It is not by what we say when we wish power, but by what we do when we have power, that we are judged. Congress will be watched as never before. There are men and journals that will not silently see the immense and beneficent forces of the Republican party recklessly or ignorantly dissipated; and from the tone of the party press since the elections Senators and Representatives may justly infer that the Republican journals this winter will not merely echo and reverberate.

THE BUTCHERY IN CUBA.

THE massacre at Santiago will only deepen the feeling of disgust with which the Spanish "Volunteers" in Cuba are every where regarded. It should certainly destroy all wish to annex them as fellow-citizens. But while the horror at the atrocity is universal and most natural, the duty of our Government has up to this writing been fully and vigorously performed. The *Virginius* was captured on the 31st of October. RYAN and his companions were shot on the 4th of November. Late on the 6th of November the news reached Washington. The Secretary of State telegraphed at once to our minister at Madrid to remonstrate and demand explanations. The Spanish Government immediately and strongly expressed its regret, and ordered the Cuban authorities to stay all proceedings. But on the morning of the 7th the second slaughter took place, and on the 8th the third, and of these two our Government had no notice until the 12th. Both Governments acted with the utmost promptness and good faith, and they can not justly be censured. Our own Administration would have been recreant to its duty had it acted further without knowledge of the facts upon which its action must depend.

When those facts are known, the Government will not be content with protesting in the name of humanity and civilization against the atrocities of the Volunteers; but, if it should appear that American citizens have been murdered by a drum-head court-martial, it will require the swift and adequate punishment of the offenders, with a distinct understanding that henceforth captives upon both sides shall be held as prisoners of war. Recognition of the belligerent rights of the insurgents is not a remedy. It is true, as the President says, that every government must decide when to grant such rights; but it is no less true that a proper regard for the friendly community of nations will prevent such recognition except upon reasonable grounds. The insurrection in Cuba, however prolonged it may be, has not yet organized a government, so far as this Government knows, which is able to protect the rights of American citizens. Indeed, what is called the Cuban republic is only a camp, and there is no evidence whatever that it has any kind of authority beyond its military lines. There may be deep sympathy with what are supposed to be the Cuban aims, as there is profound horror at the conduct of the Volunteers; and we may choose to go and keep order in the island, believing that Spain is unable to do it, as England, France, and Russia forcibly interfered in behalf of the Greeks against Turkey in 1827. But even the recognition of the independence of the Cuban republic, unless we took up arms for it, would not save it from the fury of the Volunteers.

Our Government will of course remind Spain that our proximity to Cuba exposes us to constant annoyance, and that we can not be forced every few months to renew demands for explanations and apologies. Spain must show that she has a real authority in Cuba, or we must, with perfect respect for a friendly power, take care of our own rights in that island. In 1822 England was an ally of Spain, but as it was evident that Spain had lost her hold of her American colonies, England sent consuls to some of the principal colonial ports, although Spain refused to concede colonial independence. But we need have no fear that General GRANT'S Administration will not defend the American flag, and put an end to Cuban slaughter. The President is known to be very friendly to Cuba; and during the long and delicate and difficult complications arising from the Cuban troubles, neither Cuban, nor Spaniard, nor American has had just cause of complaint of the Secretary of State. Nothing would more please the gentlemen who wage war upon Spain in New York than serious trouble between that country and ourselves; but it will be remembered that CASTELAR, the head of the present Spanish Government, is a most sincere and intelligent friend of this country, and shares with every honorable American the earnest desire of peace and good understanding between his country and ours.

PUBLIC JUSTICE AND POLICE LAW.

THE Bank of England lately sent a corroborated statement of MACDONNELL, the forger, to the authorities of the city of New York, charging two detectives, Captain JAMES IRVING and PHILIP FARLEY, with guilty collusion with MACDONNELL. The accused invited the fullest investigation, which was undertaken by the Police Board. In the nature of the case, MACDONNELL'S testimony must be very important, and the object being the truth, the confession was offered in evidence. But Mr. E. DELAFIELD SMITH, the Corporation Counsel, was asked by the Police Board for an opinion upon the admission of such evidence, and he decided that as MACDONNELL was a convicted felon, and his statement was not sworn to, and as it would not or should not be admitted in a court of law, it ought not to be received by the board acting as a court. It was therefore rejected, and the detectives were acquitted.

But this was in no proper sense a full investigation. No person who desires that, whether an accused officer or member of the removing board, rejects important testimony upon purely technical grounds. Such a board, indeed, is not bound by the rules of a court. By the necessity of the case it must have a discretion which strict conformity to the technical rules of evidence might not always allow. Removal for cause proved is removal upon proof morally satisfactory to the removing power, whether it would be so technically to a court or not. Any other principle would most seriously obstruct every department of the public service. It may be that the action of the Police Board might be carried into a court for review. But that would merely give the court an opportunity to pass upon the validity of the ground of action of the board, which, in the case supposed, would be that the technical rules of evidence did not apply. The possibility of appeal enjoins the board to be careful in the exercise of its power, but it certainly does not make it a court.

Yet where the charge against the officer involves, as in this case, character and reputation, and his removal would be regarded as a conviction of crime, every honorable member of the board will be scrupulously careful, and in the present instance the fact that MACDONNELL was a felon would properly have due weight. But if the board sought only to ascertain the guilt or innocence of the accused, the confession of a criminal would be taken for what it was worth. The moment a merely technical bar is interposed, suspicion of the purpose also justly enters, and a person technically acquitted is not freed from the odium of crime. Moreover, the reason for the adoption of certain rules of evidence should have been weighed by the board before assuming them as guides of action.

The decision of the Police Board decides nothing. It certainly does not release the accused from suspicion, nor establish the board as a court of law when acting upon removals; nor does it encourage the public to believe that the board is resolved to make complicity between detectives and offenders as difficult as possible. Indeed, this action and that in the case of GENET'S election suggest that a little investigation of the Police Board by the Mayor and Governor as the removing power might be of great public service.

WOOD AND WATER.

ONE of the most interesting and valuable of recent congresses is that of the land and forest cultivators at Vienna. The Italian, Dutch, German, Belgian, French, Hungarian people and governments were represented, and the United States had a deputy present, who was probably self-appointed. There were about four hundred members, and the chief point of the discussions was the preservation of the forests as a protection of the water supply. It is a subject in which this country is not less interested than Europe. Already in many parts of New England there is a serious decline in the supply of water, and the value of trees for something else than lumber or sugar is making itself plainly felt. The volume of water in the Ohio is stated in the report of the congress to be evidently diminishing. The same is true of the Hudson, upon which the extent of navigable water is yearly reduced. In the Old World the summer low-water mark of the Elbe in 1837 showed a diminished supply in half a century of ten feet. The Rhine and the Oder have likewise declined.

The facts presented to the congress are striking. Many rivers have entirely disappeared, or are shrunken to little streams. In Palestine the springs are dry. The Jordan is four feet lower that in former days. Greece has suffered severely from the fall of the forests. In Hungary the drought is periodical. Sardinia and Sicily have lost their ancient fruitfulness. On the other hand, there were formerly but five or six days of rain during the year in the Delta of lower Egypt, but since MEHEMET ALI planted some twenty millions of trees, the number of rainy days is forty-five or six. Ismalia, upon the Suez Canal, was built upon a sandy desert, but since the ground has been saturated with water, trees, bushes, and plants have grown, and with the appearance of vegetation the climate has changed. Four or five years ago, says the report, rain was unknown in these regions, but in the year from May, 1868, to May, 1869, there were fourteen days of rain. So, also, near Trieste, a finely wooded region was desolated by the Venetians, and twenty-five years ago rain had ceased to fall. But, to save the country from total abandonment, the Austrian government planted several millions of olive-trees. The very soil was conveyed in baskets; but, with care, the trees took root and thrived. It is stated also that the conversion of the desert of Utah into a blooming country has raised the Salt Lake seven feet above its old level.

Such facts, collected from every country—facts of forest destruction and coincident decline of the water supply, with the further fact that rivers are independent of national lines—have suggested the wisdom of international action. The Austrian Minister of Agriculture was president of the congress, and he was authorized to communicate with other governments to secure international agreement upon the subject. The resolutions declare that only by such international action can the increasing devastation of the forests, with all its consequences, be stayed; that it is the mutual duty of civilized states to preserve carefully the forests that are of vital importance to the land, such as those at the sources and along the courses of rivers, upon sea-coasts and steep mountain-sides; and that international principles should be laid down, to which the owners of such guardian forests should be subject. The congress recognized that it had not as yet sufficient knowledge of all the evils resulting from this devastation, and demanded more copious and exact data. The importance of the movement is that it commands attention to a subject which has hitherto had no associated and imposing presentation. In this country especially it should be most carefully considered, because, while so much woodland remains, it is still devastated with reckless ignorance. The agricultural papers and the cattle-show orators could do no more signal service than to point out the reality and the reason and the extent of the evil. The Agricultural Department at Washington will, we hope, think it worth some effort to keep the agricultural community informed of the action consequent upon the congress, in whose deliberations we see the dawn of a better day for the trees and the birds, those two faithful and useful friends of the American farmer, which he has too long disregarded.

PARTY FIDELITY.

The Brooklyn *Union*, speaking of *Harper's Weekly*, says:

> "But its non-partisan character leads it to advocate the principle of private judgment in choosing between the candidates put in nomination by opposing parties, which would be destructive of political organizations, and forever prevent the success of a party which encouraged or permitted such a practice. Personal preferences and prejudices should never be allowed to interfere with a man's political duties. If the duty of making nominations of candidates is intrusted to a convention, it is the duty of the party to accept the candidates that are selected for them just as much as it is the duty of the people to accept them when they are elected. Any other rule than this in a republic would lead to anarchy and hopeless confusion, such as are witnessed continually in the South American republics and in Spain, and which have been the chief obstacle to the establishment of a permanent republican government in France."

The *Union* has not a more positive conviction than we of the value of parties in a free government, and we agree with it that mere personal preferences upon indifferent grounds should not and will not lead a sincere man to vote against the candidate of his party. But no man is worthy to vote who will support a candidate whom he believes to be dishonest. To do that is not only to bring his party into just contempt, it is to strike at the moral foundations of society. To say that it is in any intelligible sense a duty for an honest and patriotic man to vote for any knave who may buy a regular nomination is, of course, to end the discussion. The *Union* must either hold that it is impossible for unprincipled men to be nominated, or that it is sometimes essential to the public welfare and stability that rascals should be elected. We do not believe either proposition.

A DEMOCRATIC STATE SENATOR.

The Republicans nominated some unfit candidates for the Legislature, of whom we duly spoke before election. The Democrats, astounded that Republicans could nominate Woodin, nominated and elected Jarvis Lord. Let us consider Jarvis Lord. The Attorney-General of the State has brought a suit for fraud against this Democratic Senator. In the complaint these facts are alleged: The contracting board of the canals issued proposals for repairs of the Chemung Canal and feeder, and mentioned the day upon which the bids would be opened, with notice that the contract would be given to the lowest bidder or bidders who could furnish proper security that the work would be done. On the day appointed for opening the bids several proposals were prepared to be offered at fair rates, and Jarvis Lord and Company thereupon organized a meeting of the bidders. They then put up at auction the privilege of bidding and of controlling all the bids that were to be offered. Jarvis Lord and Company of course bought the right, paying "divers large sums of money" to the others to withdraw. They thus obtained control of all the bids, and destroyed those that were lower than that of one John Leahy, who was one of Jarvis Lord's "Co." They then put in John Leahy's bid, which was of course the lowest, but was also "largely in excess" both of the fair value of the work and of the bids which had been bought. The board, ignorant of the fraud, awarded the contract to the lowest bidder, John Leahy, one of Jarvis Lord's "Co." Leahy immediately assigned the contract to Lord, who has received in five years one hundred and eighty thousand dollars upon it, which is ten thousand dollars a year more than the fair price of the work, the price for which the board would have contracted except for the fraud of Lord and Leahy.

These facts were notorious, and this suit was pending, when the Democratic party of the Rochester district, blushing for Woodin, elected Lord. And such facts as these, with the character of the new leadership of Tammany Hall, show the honest and intelligent voters of New York and of the country what a lofty spirit of purity and reform animates the Democratic party.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S READINGS.

It is a great pleasure to hear Mr. Collins read, for although his voice merely indicates, rather than assumes, the different characters of the story, there is no confusion, and the hearer's attention is wholly concentrated upon the tale. As he is a novelist reading his own work, there is a common impression that the pleasure will be akin to that of Mr. Dickens's readings. But it is as different as the stories of the two authors. *The Dream Woman—a Mystery* is well named, and is a work very characteristic of the peculiar power of Mr. Collins. The action is intense and constant. It is unrelieved by humor, and the charm lies in the skill of construction, not at all in the delineation of character. A spell of horror and of doom overcasts the whole, and the large audience sat for two hours intently listening, and often thrilled. The simple and earnest manner of the reader, his agreeable voice and admirable enunciation, heightened the satisfaction, and both Mr. Collins and his audience could have had no doubt of his success.

STRICT CONSTRUCTION.

In his speech in Washington, which could not have been of less consequence had it been uttered by Mr. Toots himself, Mr. Andrew Johnson alluded to the Constitution, of which he has before spoken, and mentioned the theory of its restricted and limited powers which was held by Washington, Jefferson, "and those great men" who framed it. Now the truth is that the chief act of Jefferson's administration, the acquisition of Louisiana, was done in the most frank and flagrant disregard of the Constitution.

On the 12th of August, 1803, Mr. Jefferson wrote to Mr. Breckinridge that the treaty must be laid before Congress, and that *after it has been ratified* an appeal must be made to the country for authority to do what had been already done. "The Constitution," said Mr. Jefferson, "has made no provision for our holding foreign territory, still less for incorporating foreign nations into our Union." But he did both, and justified it upon the ground of national advantage.

Still more strongly, in a letter of the 30th of August, 1803, to Levi Lincoln, Mr. Jefferson said: "The less that is said about any constitutional difficulty the better. Congress should do what is necessary in silence. I find but one opinion as to the necessity of shutting up the Constitution for some time." Ardent Jeffersonians, who are much troubled by Mr. Thaddeus Stevens's assertion that certain war measures were "outside the Constitution," will observe that he had at least good authority for his phrase.

But Mr. Stevens was wrong. Mr. Jefferson, indeed, was compelled to shut up the Constitution to accomplish his purpose. But no war measure is outside that instrument. The power of making war, which it expressly grants to Congress, carries all the power that was exercised during the war and in ordaining the method of reconstruction. The friends of Mr. Jefferson extol him as a strict constructionist of the straitest sect. But the truth laughs at them. Mr. Jefferson's letter to Mr. Breckinridge contains the most radical and fatal heresy to the strict doctrine. It might have been written by the Whiggest of Presidents. It is not merely a liberal construction, it is a lofty and absolute disregard of the letter of the Constitution. And when the Democratic party brought in Texas by joint resolution, as Jefferson had bought Louisiana by treaty, their contempt of strict construction was equally manifest.

ARE WE DRIFTING TO SPECIE PAYMENTS?

Gold has been selling within a few days at a lower price than it has touched for eleven years, and people are wondering whether there may not, after all, be some plausibility in the President's theory that the crisis is going to bring us back to specie payments. When that theory was first stated it seemed so devoid of substantial grounds that it was not generally received with respect. That commercial failures, financial distress, a general destruction of confidence, and fresh issues of irredeemable paper—legal tenders by the Government and loan certificates by the banks—should lead to a decline in the universally recognized standard of value seemed contrary to all economical laws. According to precedent, the very contrary should have been the result. And yet, instead of going up, gold has steadily declined in each week of the crisis.

This has been due to various causes. Not the least important of these has been the marked preference exhibited at the South for greenbacks over gold. Heretofore, whenever trouble occurred, the Southern planter wanted gold for his cotton. This year he will not sell for gold at all. He wants legal tenders. Merchants who have sent gold to the South for the purchase of cotton have found it impossible to buy, whereas legal tenders have ruled as high as eight per cent. premium at New Orleans, and are even now considerably above par. The new generation of men at the South appear to have grown up under the legal-tender régime, and are satisfied with it. Gold is an article that is unfamiliar to them, and they don't want it.

Again, there is no longer any disposition among the Northern people to hoard gold. Foreign merchants, who have always been in the habit of putting their money into gold on the first symptom of financial trouble, are not buying or holding any coin at present. Thoroughly as confidence is shaken in banks, railways, individuals, and stocks, it seems to be stronger than ever in the national currency.

Finally, the short interest in gold has declined so rapidly of late that it has become difficult to carry gold. For years the shorts have been so numerous that holders of gold have been generally able to procure the currency on their coin at a low rate of interest, or even free of interest altogether. There have been times when the short account was so excessive that owners of gold obtained a premium for its use. But now gold is so near par that the chance of profit on short sales is far less than the possibility of loss. Speculators, consequently, are letting gold alone, and holders are compelled to borrow money on the best terms they can make. Hence during the past week money has been about twice as dear in the Gold-room as in the Stock Exchange. If this goes on, the result would seem to be inevitable. People will get tired of paying twenty-five or forty per cent. interest per annum to carry an article for which there seems to be no demand any where, and which depreciates daily. Sooner or later they will sell. If they do, the premium will probably fall to a figure at which no man in his senses would sell short. At 103 or 104, for instance, there would probably not be a short contract left. How would the long gold be carried in this case? How long would its holders continue to labor under the burden of a property which pays no dividends, and is more expensive to hold than stocks or merchandise?

It has long been evident that the resumption of specie payments in this country would come fortuitously and imperceptibly. The idea that a day would be fixed on which the Government would redeem its paper in coin has been abandoned, together with the old fallacy that resumption could be accomplished by Congressional legislation. If we ever do resume, we shall do so without knowing when we did so, or how we did so. No one can tell the precise day in 1857 when the banks resumed, or the precise day in 1873 when legal tenders ceased to command a premium. It will probably prove equally difficult for the future historian to determine the precise day on which the long suspension caused by the great rebellion came to an end. When gold falls to 103 or 104, there will probably be a rush on the part of holders to secure the small premium, and the decline from 104 to a fraction above par will be likely to be rapid. If the foreign exchanges remained in our favor, no one would want gold except for duties, and when the gold premium becomes fractional, both the banks and their depositors would be likely to disregard it. Importers would be able to obtain gold for duties from the banks, and the latter would receive gold on general deposit just as they received and paid out greenbacks during the late suspension. There would be no announcement of formal resumption. On the contrary, the banks would not consider themselves bound to pay gold to depositors of currency, and the Government would not formally agree to redeem its paper in coin. But, in practice, depositors would get from bank the gold they needed for legitimate business purposes, and no doubt, in case of necessity, the Treasury would let the banks have any surplus gold it held in exchange for greenbacks.

Of the effect of such a practical resumption of specie payments upon the money market it is impossible to exaggerate the importance. Coin is now a mere article of merchandise and an employer of money. It would then become money once more, and would swell the currency of the country not only to the extent of its own volume, but to the extent of the money it now absorbs to carry it besides. The effect would be, in one point of view, as if there were an addition, at one blow, of two hundred millions of legal tenders to the $361,000,000 now afloat; but instead of depreciating the currency and unsettling confidence—which would be the effect of further issues of paper money—the restoration of gold and silver to circulation would restore confidence, and impart solidity to trade and finance. So sudden an increase of money might lead to fresh speculations, to be followed in turn by a fresh crisis; but at any rate, in the mean time, it would cure the trouble that is now upon us.

THE BUTCHERY IN CUBA.

We have already recorded the capture of the *Virginius* by the Spanish gun-boat *Tornado*, and the beginning of the summary execution, or rather butchery, of her officers, crew, and passengers. Later intelligence shows that the *Virginius* was first sighted by the *Tornado* within eighteen miles of the Cuban coast on the 31st of October, distant about six miles, and heading toward her. The *Virginius* at once changed her course, and steamed for the coast of Jamaica, distant about one hundred miles. After an exciting chase of a little more than eight hours, during which a great part of the cargo of the *Virginius* was thrown overboard, she was overhauled and brought to by a couple of shots. She was then taken possession of by two boats' crews from the *Tornado*, which met with no resistance. The Spaniards hauled down the American flag, which the *Virginius* had displayed during the chase, and hoisted that of Spain. Captain Fry handed over the steamer's papers for the examination of the officer in command of the boarding party, and that officer at once took charge of them, and both vessels headed for Santiago de Cuba.

On the 1st of November, at five o'clock in the afternoon, they arrived at that port. Proceedings were immediately begun against the captives as pirates, and notwithstanding the protest of the United States vice consul at that port, they were condemned, and on the morning of the 4th of November four were shot.

A naval court-martial was then organized for the trial of Captain Fry and the crew of the *Virginius*. They were, of course, condemned, after a most expeditious trial, and on the 7th the captain, first mate, second mate, and thirty-four seamen were shot.

The government of the United States, on receipt of the news of the capture, communicated at once with Madrid, and orders were sent from the Spanish government to Santiago de Cuba to stay proceedings; but these orders were insolently disregarded, and the executions went on. On the 8th twelve of the so-called "expeditionists" were shot, and on the 10th fifty-seven more more were put to death.

The latest report from Santiago de Cuba is that only eighteen of the entire ship's company, consisting originally of 169, will be saved. Only four, it is now stated, will escape without suffering some form of punishment, and the remainder of those not shot will be condemned to the chain-gang.

The government at once took vigorous measures to prepare for possible complications with Spain. The Monitor *Manhattan* at the Philadelphia Navy-yard, and national vessels in the Brooklyn, Charlestown, and Norfolk yards, were ordered to be got ready for sea at once. Within a short time we shall have a naval force of great strength in Cuban waters. On page 1061 we give illustrations showing the launch of the new torpedo-boat at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, of the fitting out of the *Manhattan*, and of the *Virginius* at sea.

On page 1060 will be found the portraits of some of the leading members of the expedition, whose summary execution sent a thrill of horror through the civilized world. Many of the Cubans were young men of great promise and worth, and full of ardor in the cause of Cuban freedom.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The first anniversary of the great Boston fire was commemorated on the 10th inst. Mayor Pierce, accompanied by several members of the city government, made an official visit of observation through the burned district, and an inspection of the new buildings erected and street improvements made during the year. The total number of brick, stone, and iron buildings now erected or in process of erection is 355. Of these 115 are completed and occupied, and 240 are in progress of erection.

The amount of mail matter collected and delivered by the carriers of the New York Post-office during the month of October was as follows: Mail letters delivered, 2,934,041; local letters delivered, 1,785,141; newspapers, etc., delivered, 565,783; letters returned to the office, 28,170; letters collected, 4,110,289; newspapers, etc., collected, 264,704.

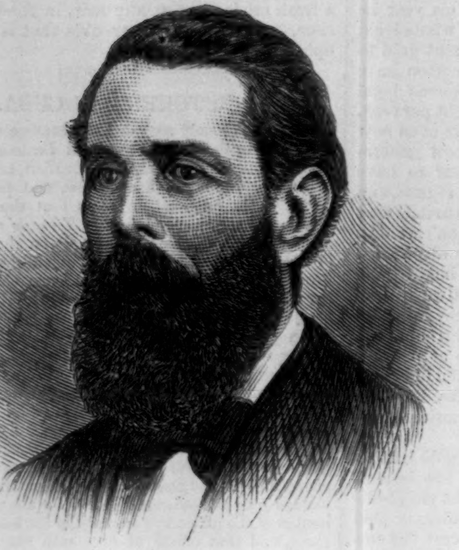
The jury in the Tweed trial was completed on the 13th inst. Mr. Peckham opened the case for the prosecution, and several witnesses were called to prove the prisoner's crime.

FOREIGN NEWS.

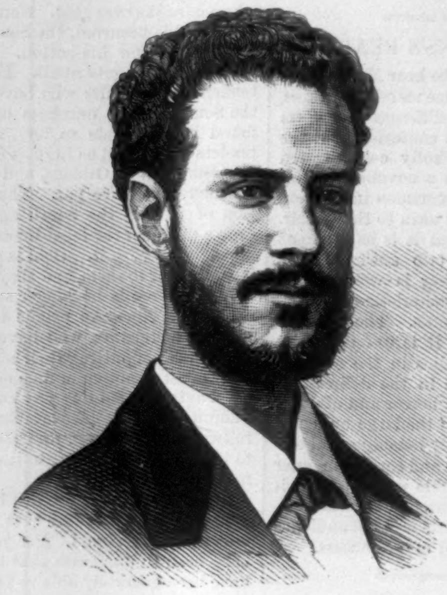
In Spain the Carlists are still in the field. They continue to claim a great victory at Miranda de Arga in spite of the government reports to the contrary. It is reported that another battle has taken place, resulting in a great victory for the Carlists. The republicans are said to have lost 1300 men and the Carlists 200. The insurgent forces at Cartagena have opened a heavy fire both upon the land and naval forces of the government.

Ex-President Thiers is reported to have said to a deputation of French residents of San Francisco recently that the monarchists had suffered a severe check, and that a conservative republic was assured. —The Prolongation Committee reported, on the 15th inst., against extending President M'Mahon's term for more than five years, and in favor of a committee of thirty to consider constitutional bills.

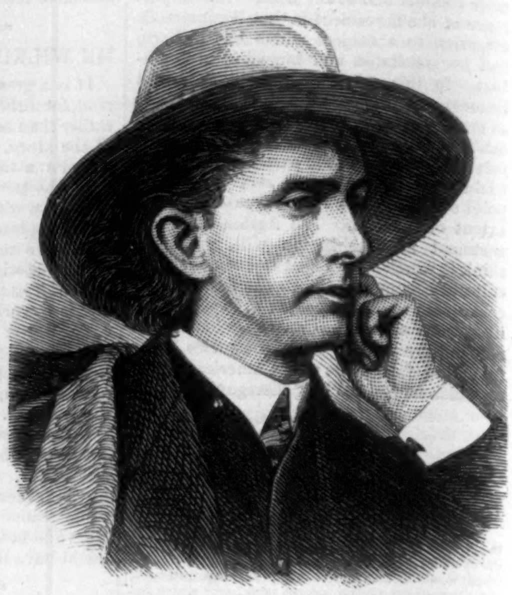
A famine prevails in Greenland, caused by the failure of the fisheries. It is reported that 150 persons have perished in one village.



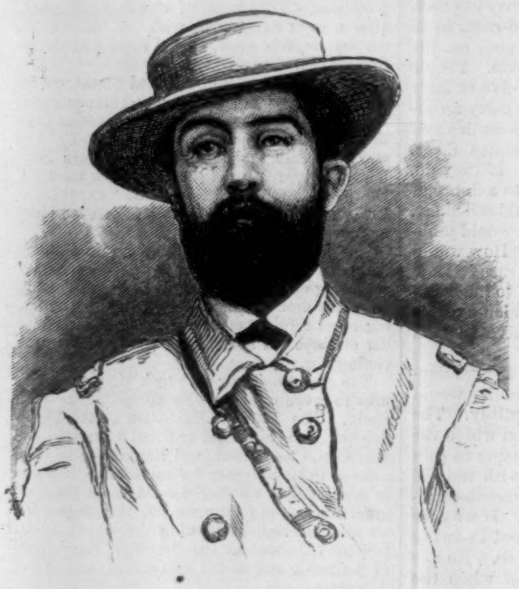
PEDRO CESPEDES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORA.]



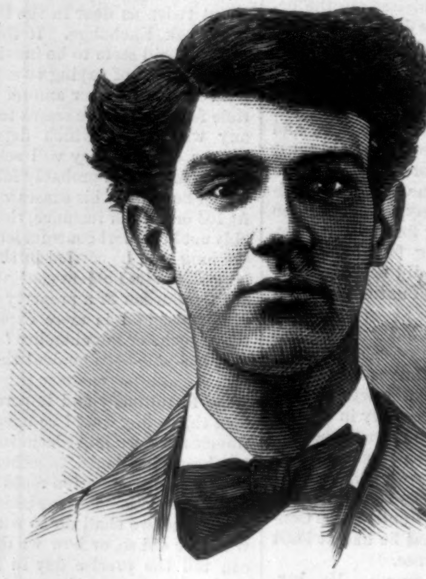
GENERAL BERNABE VARONA (BEMBETA).—[PHOT. BY GURNEY.]



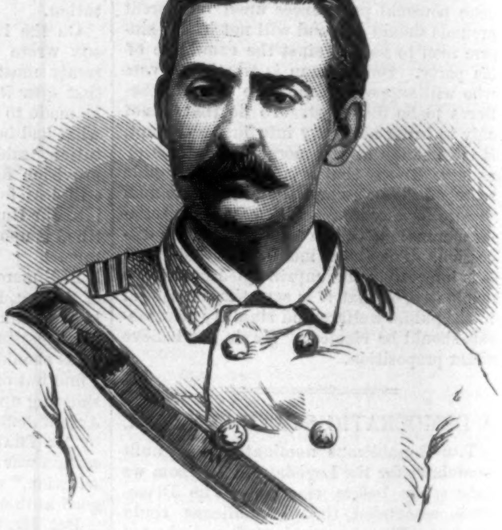
GENERAL WASHINGTON RYAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



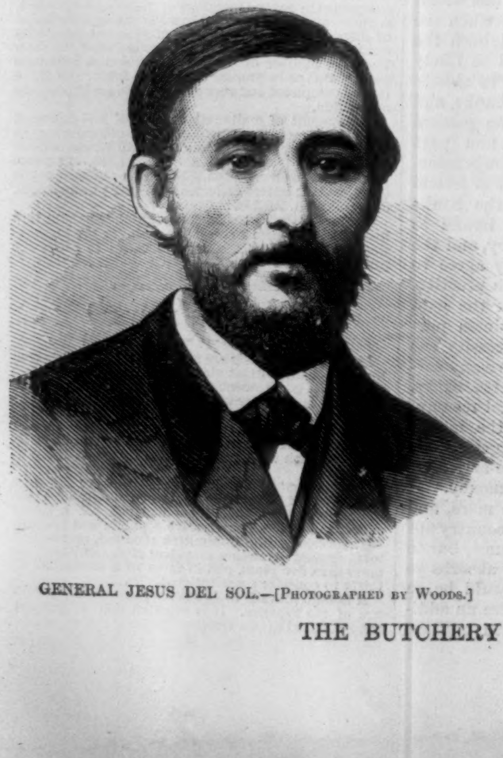
COLONEL JOSE BOITEL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. H. GROTECLOSS.]



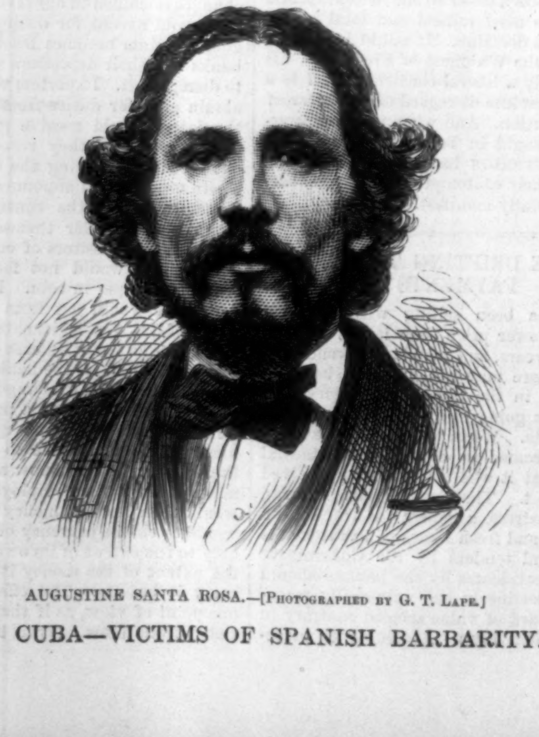
EUMINIO QUESADA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY DELAPORTE, VINCENNES.]



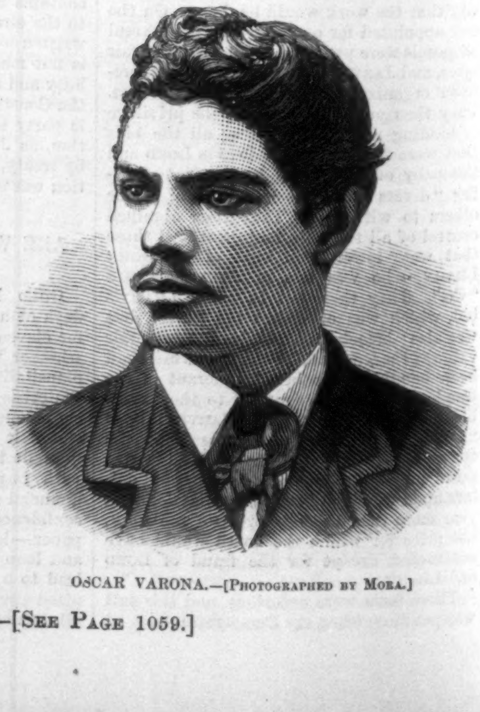
CAPTAIN SALBADOU PENEDO.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GROTECLOSS.]



GENERAL JESUS DEL SOL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WOODS.]

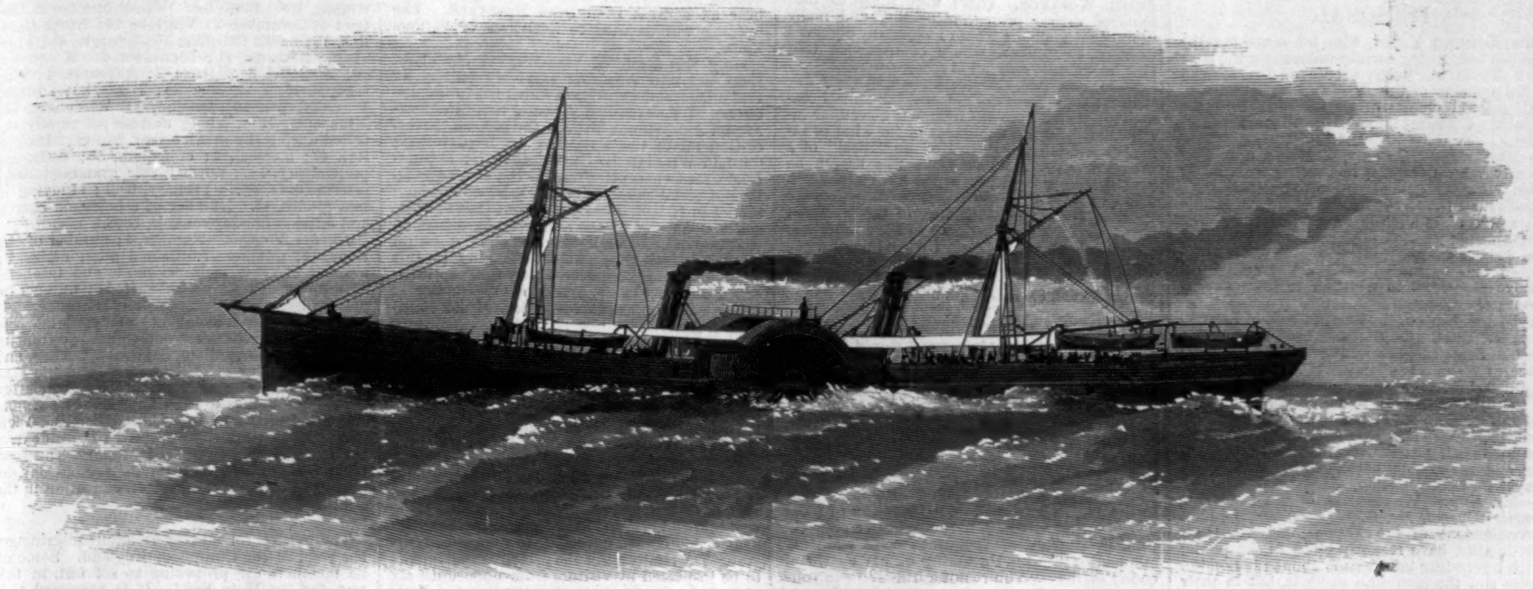


AUGUSTINE SANTA ROSA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. T. LAPE.]

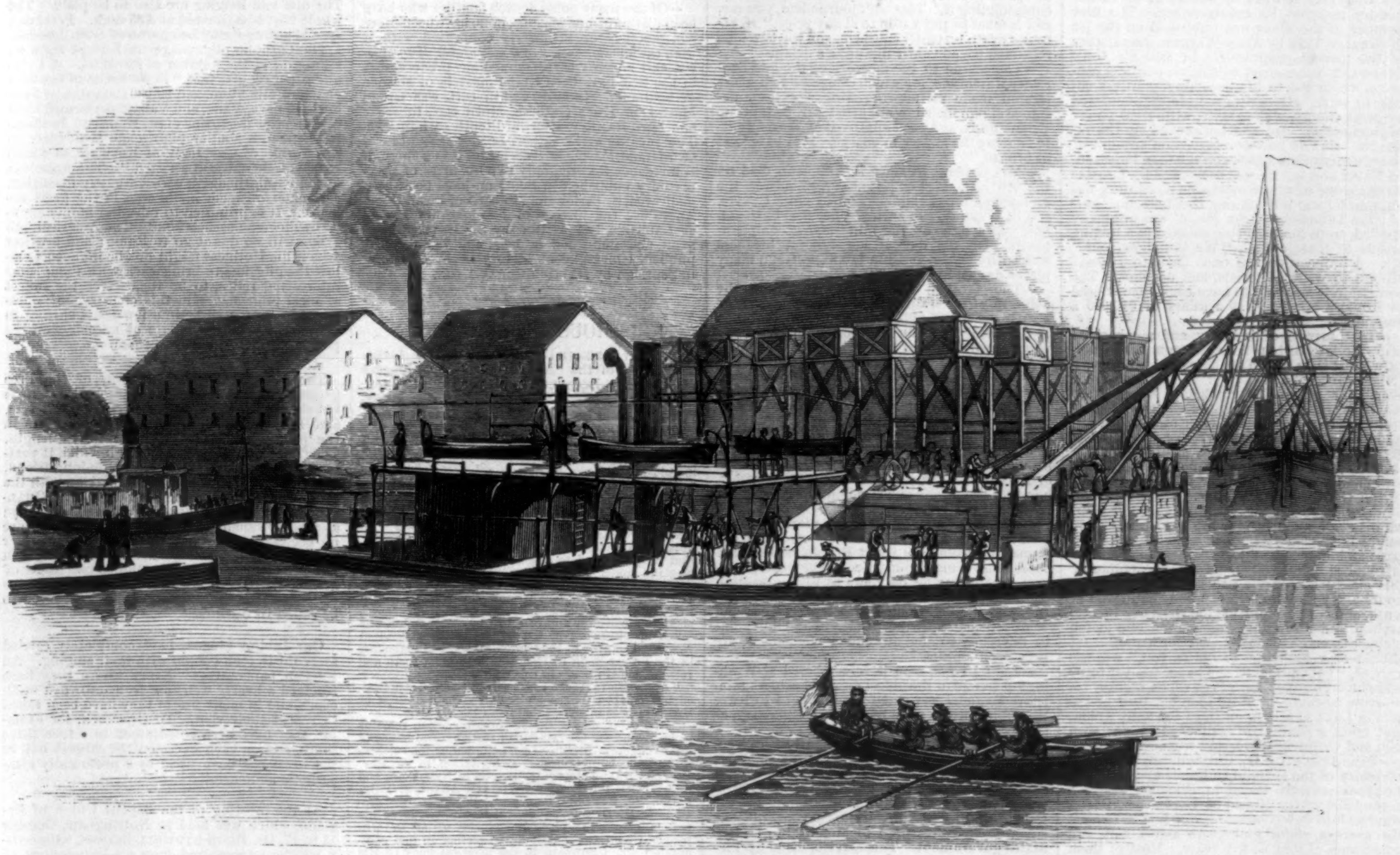


OSCAR VARONA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORA.]

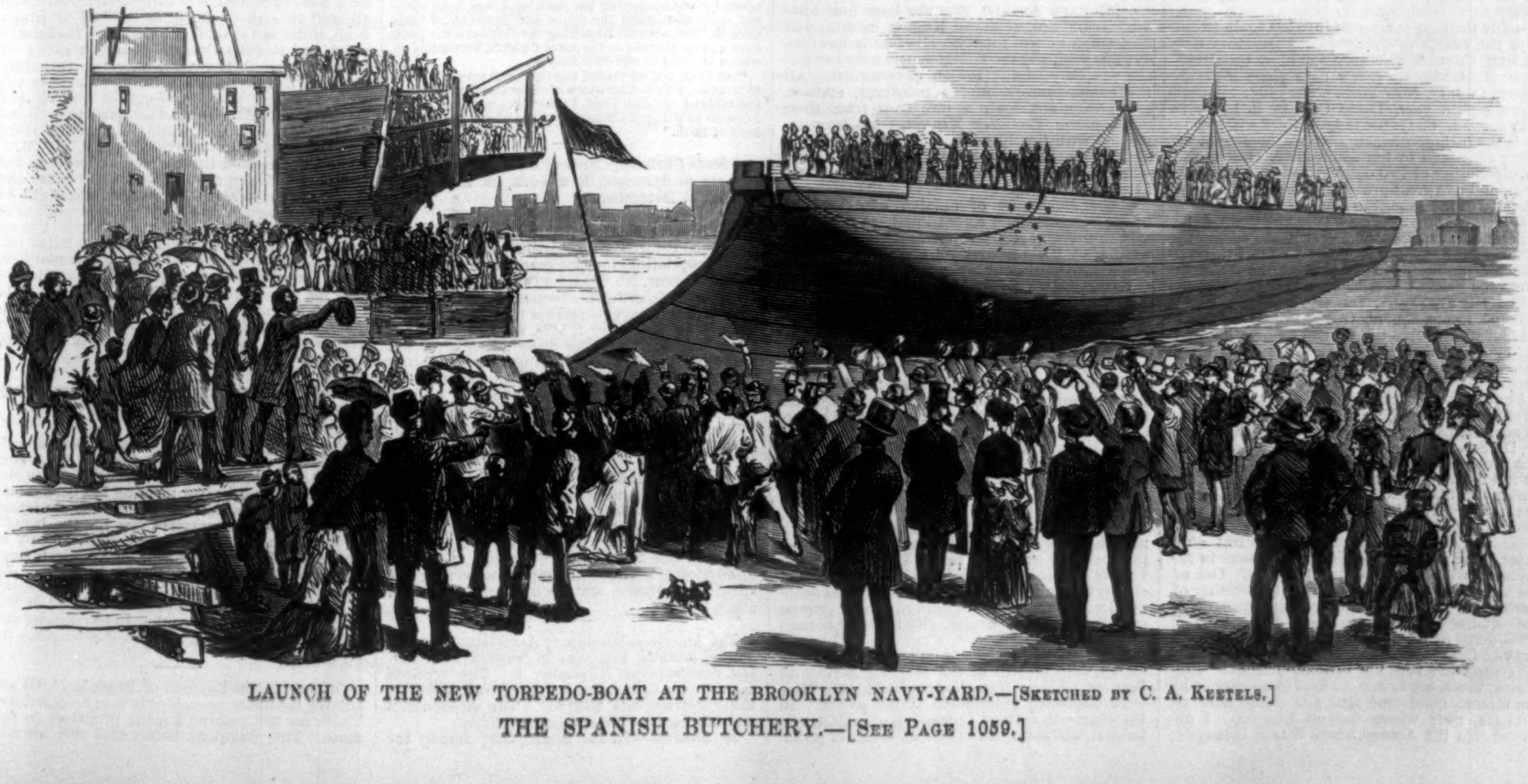
THE BUTCHERY IN CUBA—VICTIMS OF SPANISH BARBARITY.—[SEE PAGE 1059.]



THE "VIRGINIUS" AT SEA.—[From a Sketch by a Cuban Officer.]



FITTING OUT THE MONITOR "MANHATTAN" AT THE PHILADELPHIA NAVY-YARD.—[Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.]



LAUNCH OF THE NEW TORPEDO-BOAT AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—[Sketched by C. A. Keetels.]

THE SPANISH BUTCHERY.—[See Page 1059.]

PERSONAL.

Mr. Edmund Yates, who for some months past has been doing correspondence for the New York *Herald*, has finally succeeded Dr. Hosmer as the manager of the *Herald's* London bureau, with general charge of its interests in Great Britain. Certainly a most excellent appointment.

—Ex-Governor Coburn, of Maine, now over seventy years of age, is recovering from an ill turn, but gives little attention to business. He is understood to be the wealthiest man in Maine, the result of lumbering on a vast scale. The Spragues, of Rhode Island, are said to have paid him $90,000 annually, interest money. It is reported that by his will Colby University will receive $1,000,000 in addition to his previous bequests.

—By the death of the Sheriff-Clerk of Lanarkshire increased attention has been drawn to a curious Scotch legal anomaly. The fees of his office, as variously estimated, ranged from £7000 to £10,000 sterling per annum, while the salary of the highest judicial functionary in Scotland, the Lord President of the Court of Session, is about £3600. The office, too, was a sinecure, the duties being exclusively discharged by deputies, and was actually purchased by the deceased lawyer for £5000 sterling.

—Mr. Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Mr. G. W. Smalley, London correspondent of the *Tribune*, and Mr. Dion Boucicault have recently given to the public much interesting information about the London *Times* and the men who make it, but in their articles they have gone no further back as to its editorship than that of the present incumbent, Mr. Delane. A word or two as to its earlier history may not be uninteresting. The first number of the *Times* was published on the 1st of January, 1788, by John Walter, grandfather of the present proprietor. In 1810 Sir John Stoddart commenced writing on political subjects, which led to his becoming political editor in 1812. His writings were distinguished by great energy, a clear style, with great power of *fulmination*. He was burlesqued by Cruikshank. In 1816 he was removed on account of the violence of his attacks on the then imprisoned Napoleon I. He was succeeded by Thomas Barnes, one of whose most able coadjutors was Captain Edward Stirling, to whom the name of "the Thunderer of the *Times*" was originally applied, from the following passage in a leading article of that journal, "We thundered out," etc. A proposition was once made to Thomas Moore to write editorials, and declined. The editorship is also said to have been once offered to Robert Southey, at a salary of $10,000 a year, and refused.

—That marvel of industry, and many-sided man, the late Bishop Wilberforce, when asked, a short time before his decease, by a country archdeacon, "When do you find time to think over your sermons?" replied, "When I am shaving." It was his habit, when traveling by rail, to take his secretary with him, and there read his letters and dictate replies. Only a few days before his death he was seen sitting quietly at the corner of a table at the Charing Cross station writing a sermon for Westminster Abbey on the following Sunday. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol acts upon a similar plan. All his correspondence for the day is cleared off before breakfast. At the recent Church Congress an important subject was announced to be introduced by an active and able clergyman of this class, who is trying to find out how many hours a day a man may keep body and mind at work, and yet keep outside the walls of a lunatic asylum, and a reporter called upon him at ten o'clock the night before to ask for his MS. "I should be very happy to oblige you," was the answer, "but the fact is, the paper has yet to be written. You may have it at seven o'clock to-morrow morning." More than one man of letters in London acts upon Dean Stanley's plan, and takes a handful of copy-paper about with him and writes wherever and whenever he can.

—Mr. Augustus G. Church, manager and secretary of the General Omnibus Company, of London, recently stated in evidence before a committee of the House of Lords that, "after coming into our possession, our horses last, on the average, about four years and a half, and sometimes as long as five years. Most of them go to the knackers for about $13." We learn that the New York omnibus and car horse will, on an average, last about the same length of time.

—The thrilling passion of love has again swept over the hearts of Judge James De Mott and Rachel Covert, who were united by the silken rope of matrimony a few days since in Ovid, Seneca County, New York. The judge is in his eighty-eighth year, Dame Covert in her seventy-second. She is the judge's third wife, while he is the fifth gentleman to enjoy the delight of being addressed by her as husband. She is the happy mother of two children, seven grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren. Such is the vivacity of the American character!

—Mr. Moncure D. Conway, who attended the funeral of Landseer, describes it as a ceremony of deep and touching solemnity. After the carriages containing the relatives of the deceased came the Queen's carriage, holding Lieutenant-Colonel Liddell, her equerry, and Lieutenant-Colonel Ellis, equerry to the Prince of Wales. At half past twelve the funeral cortége entered St. Paul's Cathedral. Then the choristers began their solemn chant, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and, continues Mr. Conway, "I have never heard it more sweetly sung. The twenty little choristers in white, and their twenty seniors, pass up slowly, headed by their leader, Dr. Stainer, and there are few eyes which do not grow moist at the pathetic strains which are so full of the mystery and melancholy which the ancient words try to dispel from the shadow of the grave. The bishop and the canons may pass; they are in their conventional robes, and wear the conventional expression. But after them come men whose faces bear witness to the calamity which has befallen their art. One of the bearers of the simple coffin is the brother of Landseer, but in an equally important sense the others are brothers also—Sir F. Grant (President of the Academy), Webster, Redgrave, Cope, Marshall, and Herbert (one of Landseer's very few intimate friends). Following these, my eyes were first of all caught by the blonde, handsome face and noble head of Millais, near whom walked Elmore. I observed also the Academicians Ward, Horsley, Frith, Worlver. There were three or four hundred artists present, altogether, and many literary men, among whom I especially observed Robert Browning, whose countenance told that he had lost a friend of many years."

—Few men were better known in their day than George Bennett, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. He was one of Cincinnati's peculiar institutions, and had a fine idea of the kind of industry and talent required of the "local" of a Western paper. When news was scarce he promptly invented items of the most extraordinary character, a favorite resource being to make children fall from the landing of the Newport ferry-boat into the river, and to have them rescued by his acquaintances. He had honored one Mr. Kellum (Celia Burleigh's first husband) several times in this way, when the fictitious savior of drowning innocents became tired of the joke, and at last called at the *Enquirer* office and demanded that it should not be repeated. He was assured that his request would be complied with, and so it was in its letter, but hardly in its spirit; for the next day the *Enquirer* contained a paragraph to the effect that a beautiful little girl, the daughter of a prominent citizen of Newport, had fallen from the ferry-boat into the river, and that Mr. Kellum, who was standing by, and could easily have saved the child from a watery grave, refused to render the least assistance. When Kellum, boiling with rage, went to the *Enquirer* to seek an explanation of what he had begun to regard in the light of a persecution, his threats of vengeance were suddenly stopped by Bennett's taking off his coat, and coolly saying: "You're not a bad fellow in your way, Kellum; but I can't stand any interference with my department. If I make any statement in the *Enquirer*, you must not come round here contradicting it. That isn't journalism, you see, and it must be put a stop to at any price." Kellum's wrath instantly subsided, and the two men remained friends until Bennett's death.

—The statue to the memory of the late Secretary Rawlings, for which Congress at the last session made an appropriation, has been designed and modeled by the artist, Mr. Bailey, of Philadelphia, and been approved by the committee having the matter in charge. It is to be cast in bronze.

—Mrs. General Robert E. Lee, who died on the 6th inst., at Lexington, Virginia, was the granddaughter of Colonel John Parke Custis, son of Washington's wife by her first husband. She was a lady of fine mind and accomplishments. On the day of her funeral business was entirely suspended in Lexington, and many places draped in mourning.

—The eightieth anniversary of the death (by beheading) of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, and wife of Louis XVI., was observed last month, and the customary masses said, which were attended by the Ducs de Nemours, d'Aumale, de Chartres, and Prince de Joinville.

—Prince Von Bismarck is the happy possessor of a large pocket-knife, containing a tortoise-shell foot-measure, paper-knife, brad-awl, tweezers, saw, nail and corn knife, and some twenty pointed, spiky, spiny, spurred, denticulated, sharp-edged tools, with which a handy workman would be in raptures. The true kindness of Bismarck's nature is shown in the fact that he never allows any one accidentally to sit upon it when it is all open.

—Mrs. Fawcett, in a lecture recently delivered in London, stated that there were 2,500,000 unmarried women in Great Britain, and half of these must remain unmarried. The world, however, was changing its views as to the position of women. She had heard that the Messrs. Baring were taking women into their banks, and were satisfied with the result. The vital point in reference to the unwedded maidens is, are they good-looking?

—Lord Lyons, who is remembered at Washington as one of the ablest and agreeablest ministers England has sent to us, is about to leave the diplomatic service to enter the ministry, as successor to Lord Granville.

—General Di Cesnola, whose curiosities from Cyprus edified us New Yorkers last summer, was recently entertained at Turin by Count Sclopis, the president of the *Alabama* Arbitration Commission at Geneva. The count used at the dinner, for the first time, the magnificent silver service presented to him by the United States government. This service, made by Tiffany & Co., is said to be the most elaborate and beautiful work of the kind ever manufactured in the United States.

—Michael Angelo, who was born four hundred years ago, achieved fame at twenty, and died when he was ninety. His family has died out this year, and the family papers have become the property of the Italian government. All the commentators on his paintings, statues, and poems anticipate a rare treat from their publication. Professor Milanesi has been intrusted with the duty of editing them, and has announced that they will appear March 6, 1875—the anniversary of the great maestro's birthday.

—The differences of opinion expressed by medical experts in a recent important criminal case in this city recalls a verse said to have been written by Dr. Johnson on a dispute between two practitioners of his day:

> "Ye high commissioners of death,
> And fatal stoppers of our breath,
> By Jove, you make us wonder
> That you, who ought, like birds of feather,
> Most willingly to flock together,
> Should now be riv'n asunder!"

—Postmaster Burt, of Boston, recently gave a lecture on the postal service in that city, and illustrated the proverbial carelessness of letter-writers by showing his audience two hundred letters taken in the office the previous day which were not properly prepaid or directed, and two hundred and fifty postal cards with all sorts of messages on the face, but not a sign of a direction on the back.

—Dr. Harold Browne, Bishop of Ely, had a notable festival at his cathedral on the 17th of October. It was the twelve-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Ely Cathedral and city by Queen Etheldreda. The city was decorated with flags, the bells were rung, and crowds of visitors entered the city. No festival has been celebrated at Ely in such a manner within the memory of man. Nearly all the Isle of Ely clergy were present at the morning service to hear an address from Bishop Browne. They were afterward entertained at the palace. In the afternoon a grand procession of militia, volunteers, and members of benefit societies promenaded the city, and attended the cathedral to hear an address from Dean Merivale. The evening was devoted to festivities of various kinds.

—By the death of Vice-Admiral M'Clure, there are now only four surviving officers of that memorable expedition which led to the discovery of a Northwest Passage, viz., Sir Alexander Armstrong, K.C.B., the present Director-General of the Navy Medical Department; Captain William H. Haswell, R.N.; Deputy-Inspector-General H. Piers, R.N.; and Paymaster-in-Chief Joseph C. Payne, R.N., all of whom served in H.M.S. *Investigator* from 1849 to 1854, and encountered all the perils and hardships of that unparalleled voyage of five years' duration in the arctic regions, which, resulting in this great maritime discovery, set at rest the long-vexed question of the existence of a Northwest Passage by the circumnavigation of the continent of America.

—Miss Hope-Scott, the heiress of Abbotsford, has just come of age, and it is understood that she will continue to the public the same freedom of access to Abbotsford that has been extended heretofore. The number of tourists who have visited Abbotsford, Melrose, and Dryburgh this year has been unprecedented. They have come from all parts of the world, and have averaged little short of 500 a week during the summer and autumn months. More Americans than ever have this year made pilgrimages to these well-known shrines, and fully as many Englishmen as Scotchmen have gone to Abbotsford this year. The family allow the principal apartments to be inspected by visitors from noon until six o'clock in the evening of each day, and little change has been made in this respect since the death of Mr. Hope-Scott.

—Of the many noble Scotch families who have been distinguished Masons, none have been more continuously or intimately connected with it than the ancient family of Dalhousie. The present earl and his three immediate predecessors in the title have been Grand Masters of Masons in Scotland. George, eighth earl, was Grand Master in 1767; George, ninth earl, in 1802; and Lord Ramsay, afterward tenth earl, in 1836. The present earl's father, Lord Panmure, was also Grand Master in 1808. And it is a singular coincidence that the only two histories of Freemasonry published in Scotland have both been dedicated, by permission, to earls of Dalhousie. These are the history of Freemasonry known as Laurie's, but written by Sir David Brewster, and published in 1804, and the recently published magnificent history of Freemasonry in Scotland by David Murray Lyon.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. George David Cummins, the Assistant Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Kentucky, has sent a letter to Bishop Smith, resigning his official position. The reasons assigned by him for resignation are chiefly these:

"I have lost all hope that this system of error now prevailing so extensively in the Church of England [ritualism] and in the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country can be or will be eradicated by any action of the authorities of the Church, legislative or executive. The only true remedy, in my judgment, is the judicious yet thorough revision of the Prayer-Book, eliminating from it all that gives countenance, directly or indirectly, to the whole system of sacerdotalism and ritualism—a revision after the model of that recommended by the Commission appointed in England under royal authority in 1689, and whose work was indorsed by the great names of Burnet, Patrick, Tillotson, and Stillingfleet, and others of the Church of England—a blessed work, which failed, alas! to receive the approval of Convocation, but was taken up afterward by the fathers of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and embodied in the Prayer-Book of 1785, which they set forth and recommended for use in this country.

"I propose to return to that Prayer-Book, sanctioned by William White, and to tread in the steps of that saintly man as he acted from 1785 to 1789.

"One other reason for my present action remains to be given. On the last day of the late Conference of the Evangelical Alliance I participated in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, by invitation, in the Rev. Dr. John Hall's church in the city of New York, and united with Dr. Hall, Dr. William Arnot, of Edinburgh, and Professor Dorner, of Berlin, in that precious feast. It was a practical manifestation of the real unity of 'the blessed company of all faithful people' whom God 'hath knit together in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of His Son Jesus Christ.'

"The results of that participation have been such as to prove to my mind that such a step can not be taken by one occupying the position I now hold without sadly disturbing the peace and harmony of 'this Church,' and without impairing my influence for good over a large portion of the same Church, very many of whom are within our own diocese.

"As I can not surrender the right and privilege thus to meet my fellow-Christians of other Churches around the table of our dear Lord, I must take my place where I can do so without alienating those of my own household of faith."

A State Christian Convention is announced to be held in Syracuse, New York, on the 2d, 3d, and 4th of December.

The Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose business it is to make the appropriations for each year, assembled at the mission-rooms, No. 805 Broadway, November 12. The annual report of the treasurer showed a balance in the treasury November 1, 1872, of $86,396; receipts to November 1, 1873, $680,836—making a total of $767,232. The disbursements for the year have been $725,169, leaving a balance in the treasury of $42,063. It was estimated that by January 1, 1874, the treasury would be in debt over $100,000. Reports from the different missions were presented by the secretaries, and appropriations discussed.

A tea-meeting of the bishops, missionary secretaries, foreign missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and other gentlemen interested in its missions was held in the Sturtevant House, Broadway, on the evening of November 12. Over one hundred were present. After the discussion of a substantial meal, the evening was spent in addresses and social intercourse until a late hour.

The American Missionary Association held its annual meeting this year in Newark, New Jersey, commencing November 6. The receipts for the year to November 1 have been $345,277; the disbursements, $340,837. The missionaries and teachers are distributed as follows:

In America.—In the South, 309; among the Chinese, 14; among the Indians, 28. Men, 125; women, 226; total, 351. Whole number in District of Columbia, 2; Virginia, 14; North Carolina, 19; South Carolina, 15; Georgia, 45; Florida, 5; Alabama, 41; Tennessee, 31; Kentucky, 19; Missouri, 8; Kansas, 2; Arkansas, 4; Mississippi, 45; Louisiana, 25; Texas, 30; Illinois, 4; California, 15; Oregon, 1; Wisconsin, 13; Minnesota, 13. Whole number of pupils enrolled during the present year, 14,048; theological, 47; medical, 4; collegiate, 56; collegiate preparatory, 182; normal, 981; grammar, 1995; intermediate, 3877; primary, 6921; studying in two grades, 15. Number of scholars in church and mission Sunday-schools, 8098.

Foreign Missions.—Number, 4; number of stations, 14; number of ordained missionaries, 8; number of other male assistants and teachers, 9; number of female assistants, 11; number of native assistants, 6; number of churches, 10; number of church members so far reported, 580.

The annual report recommended the transfer of the missions in Siam, Sandwich Islands, and the West Indies to other boards, and the concentration of the strength of the association upon the missions to the Chinese, the freedmen, and the Indians in the United States. Vice-President Wilson was expected to preside over the meeting, but could not attend. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on the second day delivered an elaborate address on education in the South.

The passion for making religious pilgrimages has reached the Church of England. Some of its members are proposing to set out, in this way, for the Holy Land. It is proposed that the pilgrims travel third class, on land, so as to obliterate all distinction between rich and poor. The diet and lodging are also to be plain. The whole cost is estimated at £35 each. Perhaps a special steamer may be chartered from London.

The Catholic pilgrimages in Europe show no falling off in the number of devotees. A Catholic paper reports that "13,000 Swiss of the Jura visited Maria Stein, and 20,000 Catholics of Freiburg, Geneva, Vaud, and Vallais performed their devotions at the shrine of St. Maurice. In Rhenish Prussia a similar pilgrimage took place to the Shrine of Our Lady at Kevelarr, at which 20,000 of the faithful assisted." The American Catholic pilgrimage is still earnestly discussed. The chief obstacle in its way is the great expense. It is proposed to raise the money needed by diocesan associations. The American pilgrims will no doubt go to Rome; and a writer asks if his Holiness might not be induced to allow the pilgrims to bring back with them some interesting relics, to be themselves the object of local pilgrimages in this country. Unquestionably there will be in a few years shrines in this country, with a repute of miracle-working power, and pilgrimages to them.

The funeral of Dr. Candlish, of the Free Church of Scotland, took place in Edinburgh October 24. The Lord Provost, magistrates, and Town Council of the city took places in the procession, which was a mile in length. The shops on the streets through which it passed were closed. Dr. Dykes, his life-long friend, speaks of Dr. Candlish, in comparison with the other leaders in the Free Church, thus: "Chalmers was greater as a patriot and reformer than as a Churchman. Cunningham was by nature no ecclesiastic; his strength lay in the wider region of polemical theology; but Candlish was pre-eminently the Churchman and leader of his party. He was not the Moses of the exodus of 1843, but more than any man he deserved to be called its Joshua."

Our Jubilee Singers have completely carried away the Scotch people with their singing. An English paper says: "Every where they have received a hearty welcome from crowded audiences, and in many places they have been asked to repeat their visit. To Greenock, for example, they have been constrained to return three times, and on each occasion the largest hall in the town has been filled by a profoundly sympathetic audience."

At the meeting of the Baptist Union of England, which was held in Nottingham October 13 to 17, Dr. Hugh Stowell Brown, whose visit will be remembered, gave his impressions of the effect of the separation of church and state in America. "Religion," he said, "as far as the state was concerned, was thrown overboard, and allowed to sink or swim, as it liked or could. Well, it did not sink, it could swim; it chose to swim, and it did swim, and it is now going on swimmingly. A few years ago the voluntary principle had built 50,000 church edifices in the United States, while in England church and state and voluntaryism had no more than 30,000 church edifices; and while in America there was accommodation provided for 20,000,000 of people, in England there were only seats in the churches and chapels for 10,000,000. Since the time that those statistics were taken, eight or nine years ago, there had been considerable progress on either side of the Atlantic, but he was sure that the Americans had not fallen off. In America during the last century voluntaryism alone had in this manner provided accommodation for public worship twice as much as state Churchmen and voluntaryism had done in England for a thousand years, and America was quite as well provided with places of worship, in proportion, as England was."

In twenty-one years the Baptists of New Jersey have increased from 13,000 to 26,000 members.

Mr. Moody, of Chicago, who has been spending his summer in England, has had great success in awakening religious interest in Newcastle. A noon-day prayer-meeting has been established, and also special service in the churches. One of the special services was for the benefit of workmen, at their request. Mr. Moody is accompanied by Mr. Sankey, an American singer somewhat resembling Philip Phillips. As a result of these meetings a general convention of ministers and laymen of the northeast of England was held on November 12 to consider the best means of carrying forward this religious revival.

Of the 133,509 Baptists of Virginia 71,004 are colored members, contained in four associations. There are 381 colored Baptist ministers in the State. They complain loudly that they are virtually disowned by the General Association of Virginia. They report that three of their ministers were recently excluded from the General Association Tabernacle "simply because they were colored." The *Christian Herald*, of Richmond, the organ of the white Baptists, discusses the question of receiving the colored brethren in this way: "God has made the two races widely different—not only in complexion, but in their instincts and social qualities. We take it for granted it was not the purpose of the Creator that they should be blended. Nature abhors the union. Suppose we admit colored delegates to seats in our association, we must of course allow them to sit where they choose, in juxtaposition with our wives and our daughters, and the privilege extended to them must be equally granted to their associations. This intercourse might be admitted if it could be consistently arrested at this point. But if we invite colored delegates to seats in our religious bodies, we must invite them to share in our hospitality."

To this the *Baptist Herald*, of Petersburg, the organ of the colored brethren, replies with spirit, that they do not want to come to the white people's tables, for the very satisfactory reason that they have good tables of their own. This *Herald* says: "We have never asked or desired admittance to their parlors, chambers, or tables, nor for any thing more than simple Christian hospitalities. Many of us, if not all of us, have good tables—there can be no mistake in that, for *black* cooks are sought for good tables—and tolerably comfortable parlors and chambers. It is not such *social equality* we seek for, but we seek simply for co-operation in the glory of Christ, the advancement of His kingdom in the world. We seek for the unity of the spirit in the bonds of brotherly love. *Social equality* does not exist among all of our white brethren. Hence, to seek for that among any people they have not themselves would be as seeking for wool upon a goat."

It strikes us that the colored Baptists have decidedly the best of the argument.

The Moravians (Unitas Fratrum) have always been distinguished for their zeal in the establishment and support of foreign Christian missions, and the heroic spirit of their missionaries. Their recent statistics show that they have sixteen mission provinces, which are subdivided into 101 stations, employing 311 missionaries. Under the missionaries are 1427 native helpers, 209 teachers of day schools, and 912 teachers in Sunday-schools. The baptized adults number 35,810; candidates, 1840; "new people," 3716; under Church discipline, 3865; children, 24,008, making a total of 69,239. The total expense of these operations during the year has been $246,456; of this sum 141,451 thalers were disbursed by the Mission Board, and the rest by auxiliary societies. Though the revenue shows an increase of 17,000 thalers, the treasury is 28,362 thalers in debt.

We have already noted the provision made by the Old Catholics for the participation of the laity in their church government. In his address at the recent Congress in Constance Professor VON SCHULTE declared emphatically their purpose to return to the New Testament system of church organization. He said, in tracing the history of the Romish assumptions: "In the sixth century every right and privilege possessed of old by the laity was taken away, and every post was filled by the clergy. It was the papal plan to sever the clergy entirely from the rest of the people, and erect a separate caste. The Old Catholics have now gone back to the primitive plan, and have restored the rights of the laity, and though our bishops and priests have not the absolute power of the ultramontane clergy, yet we honor and love them far more. So the movement is not a political one, but a religious: it is purely a Christian reform."

As matter of record we place in this Intelligence the oath of allegiance taken by Bishop REINKENS, and the acknowledgment given to him by the state:

"I, JOSEPH HUBERT REINKENS, do swear on oath before God, the All-Powerful and the All-Knowing, and upon the Holy Gospel, that I, having been elevated to the dignity of a Catholic bishop, will be subject, faithful, obedient, and loyal to his Royal Majesty of Prussia, WILHELM, and his lawful successor in the kingdom, as my most gracious King and Sovereign; that I will, according to my power, promote his interests, ward off harm and injury, and conscientiously observe the laws of the land; that I will, moreover, so endeavor that in the minds of the clergy and congregations committed to my episcopal direction there shall be carefully nurtured the sentiments of reverence and faithfulness toward the King, love to the Fatherland, obedience to the laws, and all those virtues which characterize good subjects among Christians; and that I will not permit antagonistic sentiments to be taught or practiced by the clergy placed under me. I promise especially that I will maintain no fellowship or alliance, either within or without the land, which can be dangerous to the public security, and that if I discover that any where designs are on foot which may tend to the injury of the state, I will make them known to his Majesty the King. I promise to maintain all this the more inviolably, because I am persuaded that my episcopal office binds me to nothing which can be opposed to this oath of fidelity and allegiance to his Majesty the King, or to obedience to the laws of the land. All this I swear, so truly help me God and His Holy Gospel. Amen."

The state acknowledgment is as follows:

"We, WILHELM, by the grace of God King of Prussia, etc., do make known and declare by these presents, that we, herewith and by virtue of these, do acknowledge Dr. JOSEPH HUBERT REINKENS, ordinary Professor in the Catholic Theological Faculty of the University in Breslau, to be Catholic Bishop, on the ground of the episcopal election which took place at Cologne on the 4th June of this year, and of the consecration imparted by the Bishop of Deventer at Rotterdam on the 11th August of this year. Accordingly, we do hereby graciously and earnestly charge our chief president, presidents, and land commissions, as well as all and several our vassals and subjects, of whatsoever name, profession, dignity, or position they may be, that they acknowledge and esteem the said JOSEPH HUBERT REINKENS, as Catholic Bishop, and that they permit him to have and to enjoy, quietly, completely, and no man forbidding him, whatsoever in any way pertains, belongs, or is requisite to his office, in honor and dignity, emolument or other advantage, under pain of our royal displeasure, and of severe and certain punishment—all our royal and sovereign prerogatives being unprejudiced hereby. In token of this we have executed this decree of acknowledgment, affixed our own sign-manual, and sealed it with our royal seal. WILHELM.

(Countersigned) FALK.

"Given at Berlin, September 19, 1873."

It will be seen that the bishop puts his allegiance to the state beyond all doubt.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE have recently had occasion to notice the fact that the plans of the new observatory at Cincinnati had been approved, and were about to be carried into execution. It gives us pleasure to record the rapid progress that has been made in this work, as evinced by the fact that on the 28th of August the corner-stone of the new building now in process of erection on Mount Lookout was laid with becoming ceremonies. The site chosen for the new observatory is about four miles northeast of that on Mount Adams, where the original observatory, founded by Professor O. M. MITCHELL, was established. The corner-stone that was laid in 1843 on that elevation by JOHN QUINCY ADAMS has been carefully removed to the new site, and appropriately forms the corner-stone of the new equatorial pier. The observatory has, by means of a tripartite agreement with the city and the heirs of NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, now passed into the hands of the Cincinnati University. The proceeds, amounting to $50,000, realized on the sale of the property on Mount Adams have been invested for the support of the art department of the university. The city, however, has pledged itself to maintain the observatory when once established, and the establishment has itself been hastened by the liberality of Mr. JOHN KILGOUR, who has given four acres of ground as a site for the new building, and added $10,000 for the latter. The site is admirably adapted for the purpose of the institution. It is one of the highest points in the county, commanding a beautiful and extended view, and it is not likely that the difficulty experienced at the old site from the smoke and vapors of the city will for a long time, if ever, trouble the astronomers on Mount Lookout. The new edifice faces south, having a width of about sixty feet, a depth of ninety feet, and two wings, making the breadth through the wings about one hundred feet. One of the wings will be used for the meridian instruments; and in the centre of the building, on a brick pier thirty-six feet high and seventeen feet in diameter, will rest the big telescope. The building will be two stories high, except in the centre, where the revolving turret of iron for the equatorial will add half a story. The structure is to be of pressed brick, with freestone trimmings.

The exercises connected with the ceremony consisted of an address by Hon. RUFUS KING, in which he gave a clear and interesting statement of the early history of the observatory, dwelling with peculiar interest upon the fact that "it was the energy of MITCHELL, his tireless zeal, his earnestness in the cause he so bravely espoused, that won the first victory for our city and gave us the observatory. That observatory was not only the incipient observatory of the country, but was the electric spark which led to the universal cultivation of astronomy as a science in the United States, and, in time, to the establishment of the noble institutions which crown so many of our highest promontories. The example set by Cincinnati was not without influence in the founding of such observatories as we find now at Washington, Cambridge, Albany, and many other places all over the country." After alluding to the labors of MITCHELL, who was not daunted by the unfortunate fire that in the very first year of the existence of the observatory destroyed his previous means of support, and after dwelling upon the practical usefulness of the labors of Professor ABBE, and the new, and, as he hoped, firm, foundation upon which the future prosperity of the observatory seems now to be assured, he concludes with the expression of his belief, in which, we are sure, all who are conversant with the facts will unite, "that the Cincinnati Observatory is a noble monument to its founders, and a hundred years hence the descendants of the present and former generations will point to it with pride." Judge HOADLEY followed Mr. KING by a short address, in which he contrasts the labors of the astronomer, gauging the heavens with his telescope, and those of the *Challenger*, now dredging the ocean. The corner-stone was then laid, with an appropriate address by Mayor JOHNSTON, and the assemblage adjourned to a beautiful grove near by.

According to the Panama *Star and Herald*, the beautiful Isthmus butterfly, *Urania fulgens*, according to SALVIN, and not *U. leilus*, as generally supposed, the immense migrations of which from east to west excite so much attention every year, continued abundant through the month of August, although the problem as to the points where it begins and ends its journeys is still unsolved.

The cranium of a fossil lemur has lately been discovered by M. DELFORTRIE in the deposits of phosphorite, or compact phosphate of lime, worked in the department of Lot, in France.

The neighborhood of Titusville, Pennsylvania, is the scene of considerable excitement over the opening of eight large oil wells recently struck on the STARR and TRAUTMANN farms, which are represented to exceed in average production any thing known within so limited an area since the early days of Pithole. The daily production of these new wells is from 500 to 1300 barrels. It is reported that no less than seventy-four more wells are now being put down in the immediate vicinity, and these will be finished within a month. The total daily production of the region is averaged at 30,000 barrels. The consequence of these new discoveries has been to considerably depress the price of oil, a condition which will continue in all probability until the present new region has become exhausted, which, from the number of new wells now being sunk upon it, will unquestionably not require long to bring about.

The instances of damage to submarine cables, resulting from intentional or accidental agencies of marine animals, are becoming by no means rare. We have lately mentioned the fact of the perforation of a cable and the laying bare of its conducting wire by the tooth of a saw-fish; but a still more remarkable instance is presented in connection with the cable at Kurrachee. This cable failed suddenly on the 4th of July, and the interruption was found to be about 160 miles off, where the cable rose over a very uneven and rocky bottom. A repairing steamer was sent out to that point, and on winding in the cable an unusual resistance was experienced. After some time the body of an immense whale was brought to the surface, two turns of the cable having passed around it immediately above the tail. It is thought that the whale had been endeavoring to rub its barnacles off against the cable, and in turning quickly had made a kink in the line, which held it fast, and was sufficiently strong to resist its efforts at release. The strain on the cable in hauling up the whale had caused it to cut through the body, and the carcass sank to the bottom, the tail being brought up.

Commodore AMMEN, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department, has recently transmitted to the Smithsonian Institution specimens of the sea-bottom and of the water obtained by the United States Steamer *Tuscarora*, under command of Commander G. E. BELKNAP, taken outside of San Francisco at depths ranging from 141 to 1949 fathoms, with the request that these be submitted to a microscopical and chemical investigation for the determination of their true character. The *Tuscarora* is well provided with apparatus for securing such specimens, having on board, among other articles, one of Sir WILLIAM THOMSON'S steel wire sounding lines.

The *Tuscarora* expected to start on the 2d of September on its special service of survey from San Francisco to China and Japan, beginning at some point near Puget Sound. It was to proceed thence to the Aleutian Islands, and at Atcha would probably communicate with Mr. WILLIAM H. DALL, of the Coast Survey, who was sent out to select a good landing-place for the cable. It was thought probable that much can not be done by the steamer during the present season in this work, but it was proposed to spend the winter in sounding, on and off the shore, between San Francisco and Cape St. Lucas, so as to determine the true ocean bed.

An admiring notice is given by the editor of the *Chemical News* of the reports of two technical schools, namely, the Royal Rhenish Westphalian Polytechnic School at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken. Both are equally prominent as to the scale upon which they are carried on, although the first is conducted directly under the authority of the Prussian government, with a staff of forty teachers and four hundred students, and the other founded by the munificence of a private individual, Mr. E. A. STEVENS. While noticing these institutions, regret is expressed by the editor that there is nothing whatever in Great Britain which even approaches either of the establishments referred to.

A letter has been received in London from LEIGH SMITH'S expedition to Spitzbergen, dated Trenerensberg Bay, July 4, which states that the *Diana* reached the Seven Islands, in latitude 80° 50′, but that there was too much ice to permit it to go farther north at the time. An accompanying vessel, the *Samson*, had obtained large numbers of seals. The *Diana*, however, had secured many walruses and polar bears. The writer remarks that Professor NORDENSKJOLD'S expedition had started in the early part of spring in boats, but could get no farther north than 80° 30′; and then, finding the ice too rough for sledging, returned by Henlopen Straits. Trenerensberg Bay, from which the letter was dated, was the place where PARRY left the *Hecla* when he went north in sledges, and reached his highest latitude.

An attempt was recently made in London, England, to determine the vexed question of the existence of a persistent current in an easterly direction in the upper strata of the atmosphere. The ascent was made by Mr. COXWELL in his old historic balloon, the *Nassau*, but the result of the experiment, as far as it goes, was unfavorable to the theory, the balloon having steadily moved, when it reached the altitude determined on (10,000 feet), in a nearly southerly direction.

In Germany there exist insurance companies providing specially against loss by stroke of lightning, and in the interest of these special care has been taken to preserve the statistics of lightning strokes, the resulting loss, and the effect of lightning-rods. From a recent report we take the following statistics:

In the thirty-one years from 1841 to 1871, in Saxony, 2239 cases of damage by lightning were recorded, of which 1293, or 58 per cent., were cases of "hot strokes" (*i. e.*, they set fire to the material), and 946, or 42 per cent., were the so-called "cold strokes." The total damage is estimated at fifteen millions of thalers. In consequence apparently of the increasing number of hard roofs (metallic roofs, slate roofs, etc.), the ratio of hot to cold strokes has apparently diminished; and for the seven years, for example, from 1864 to 1871, the ratio is 46⅓ per cent. of hot strokes to 53⅓ of cold. Of the strokes falling on dwellings with hard roofs, only 22 per cent. set fire thereto, while of those falling on houses with soft roofs (wooden roofs, thatched roofs, etc.), 73 per cent. were ignited. The lightning appears, in the instant of striking, to lose remarkably its power of firing the object struck, often leaving a building entirely unhurt when it does not at first meet some combustible substance. The denser the body, and the better it conducts heat, the less is the power of the lightning to fire it; and a stroke falling first on such a body never sets fire to any thing that it may afterward encounter in its path. Thus has it frequently happened that a very inflammable roof has been protected by an iron knob, when, as is frequently the case, this, the highest portion of the building, is first struck.

The experiment of introducing salmon into the waters of the Eastern United States gives brilliant promise of success, as we learn from the Germantown *Telegraph* that young salmon from two to four inches in length have been taken in the Delaware in bait nets, and carefully returned to the river, one party having captured over fifty in a single day. It will be remembered that 40,000 salmon eggs from the Bucksport establishment were assigned to Pennsylvania by the United States Fish Commissioner, and placed in charge of Mr. THADDEUS NORRIS, who, with the assistance of Mr. H. J. REEDER, hatched them out at Heitzman's Spring, near Easton. Twenty-seven thousand five hundred healthy fish were introduced at the proper season into the Delaware. Their growth seems to have been quite rapid, and it is probable that, in the course of the coming year, a large portion of these fish will go down to the ocean, there to await the period of their return as full-grown salmon.

The recent establishment of a signal station at Havana, Cuba, brings to notice a number of meteorological observations that have been made at the Jesuit College in that city during the past twenty-five years. The regular publication of these observations and the deductions that may be drawn from them lead to the conclusion that science will receive very valuable aid from this station in the West Indies. The prevailing wind in this region never deviates more than a few degrees from the east. The total number of rainy days in the year is on the average one hundred. Numerous coincidences have been observed between magnetic disturbances and local storms or hurricanes, also between the former and auroras, visible perhaps in distant lands. On the other hand, very frequently the records at Havana show remarkable magnetic perturbations that have not been recorded by the photographic apparatus at Greenwich, England. The amplitude of the daily barometric range is least in June and July, and greatest in the winter months. Fourteen years of observations have been insufficient to determine any certain law respecting the years of hurricanes. They are, however, as is well known, far more frequent from July to January than during the other half of the year. A careful investigation of the terrible hurricanes of October, 1870, leads the Rev. R. P. B. VINES to the conclusion that the winds circulating around the centre of the cyclone describe a circle, and the whole cyclone describes a curve on the earth's surface, such as would be given by wrapping a spiral around a parabola, the folds of the spiral being closest at the apex of the curve. The rate at which the vortex of the cyclone of the 7th of October crossed the island of Cuba was only four miles an hour. The second storm, of the 19th of October, began moving at the rate of nine and a half miles, and increased to twenty miles an hour. The discharges of electric fluid were very intense, and at Cardenas an appearance similar to the aurora borealis was visible for ten minutes. The magnetic needles were very much disturbed. The rising of the sea under the centre of the cyclone is attributed by VINES to the low barometer prevailing there, to which also he attributes certain slight shocks of earthquake, due to the violent expansion of gases confined within the cavities that abound in the island.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A DANBURY man of statistical turn can tell how many stalks of oats there are in the average acre. He has counted the hairs on his children's heads, and has the number pasted in their hats. He keeps company waiting while he demonstrates the number of tendons there were in the animal from which came the steak, and will stop people in the street when they are in a hurry and hold them until he explains how many threads form the garment which they may have on. People at first were struck with admiration for the brain that man carries with him, but now they wish he would die.

During the progress of a late duke's funeral through a small town in Scotland the following colloquy between two women was overheard. One, absorbed in the contemplation of the signs of woe, exclaimed, "Poor woman, she will be sair lamented!" "Woman!" said the other; "gae wa' wi' ye—it's a man." "Gae wa' wi' ye yoursel'," rejoined the other, with an expression of the utmost contempt; "wha disna ken that a duke's the 'she' o' a drake?"

A Quaker having sold a fine-looking but blind horse, asked the purchaser, "Well, my friend, dost thou see any fault in him?" "No," was the answer. "Neither will he see any fault in thee," said old Broadbrim.

Money is very tight, said a thief who was trying to break open a bank vault.

At a California fair several bottles of strained honey were exhibited, when a man put a bottle of castor-oil with the rest. Several old ladies sampled it, with the same result. The opinion of all who tried it was that the bee who made it was a fraud. One old lady said that even the bees had got to cheating nowadays.

Punch says he has observed that the unfortunate man's friends live a long way off.

What is the difference between a cloud and a beaten child?—One pours with rain and the other roars with pain.

Why is a badly conducted hotel like a fiddle?—Because it is a vile-inn.

THE SHOE-MAKER'S LAMENT.

Alas! my last has gone at last;
  It was the last I had;
I kept it to the very last—
  To lose it makes me sad.

And all my awls have vanished too;
  My findings none can find;
My old work-bench is split in two;
  And I've no knives to grind.

My whetstone's broke, my hammer's lost,
  My pegs have all pegged out;
My stock is gone—sold out at cost;
  My trees are up the spout.

My lapstone's left out in the cold
  My tub lent to a friend,
And I myself am growing old,
  And waxing near my end.

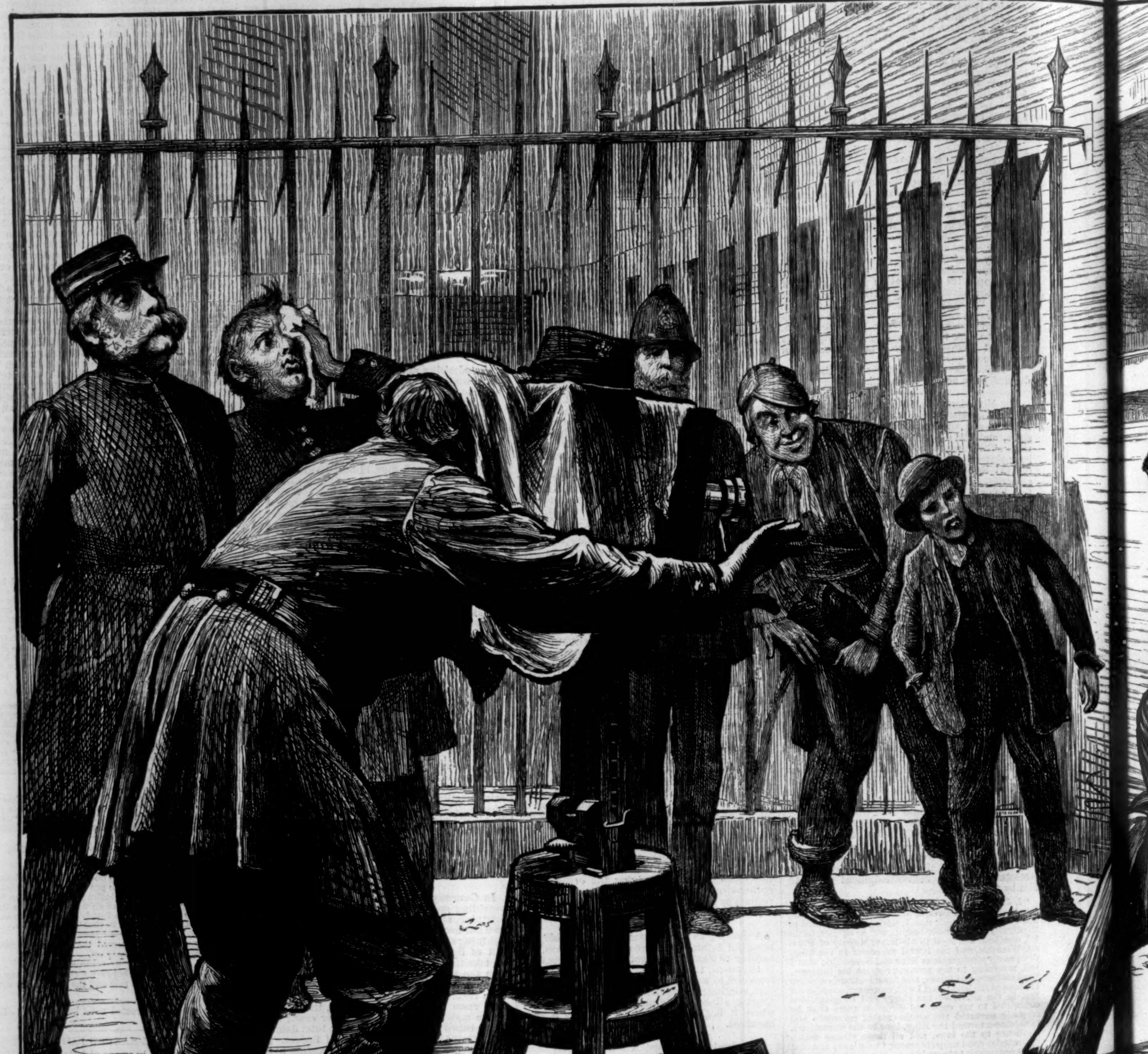
But when I'm gone and buried deep
  Beside some grassy knoll,
I hope some upper world will keep
  Possession of my sole.

A Frenchwoman once said that she never loved any thing. "You loved your children?" suggested a friend. "When they were little," she replied. "And you love diamonds?" "When they are large."

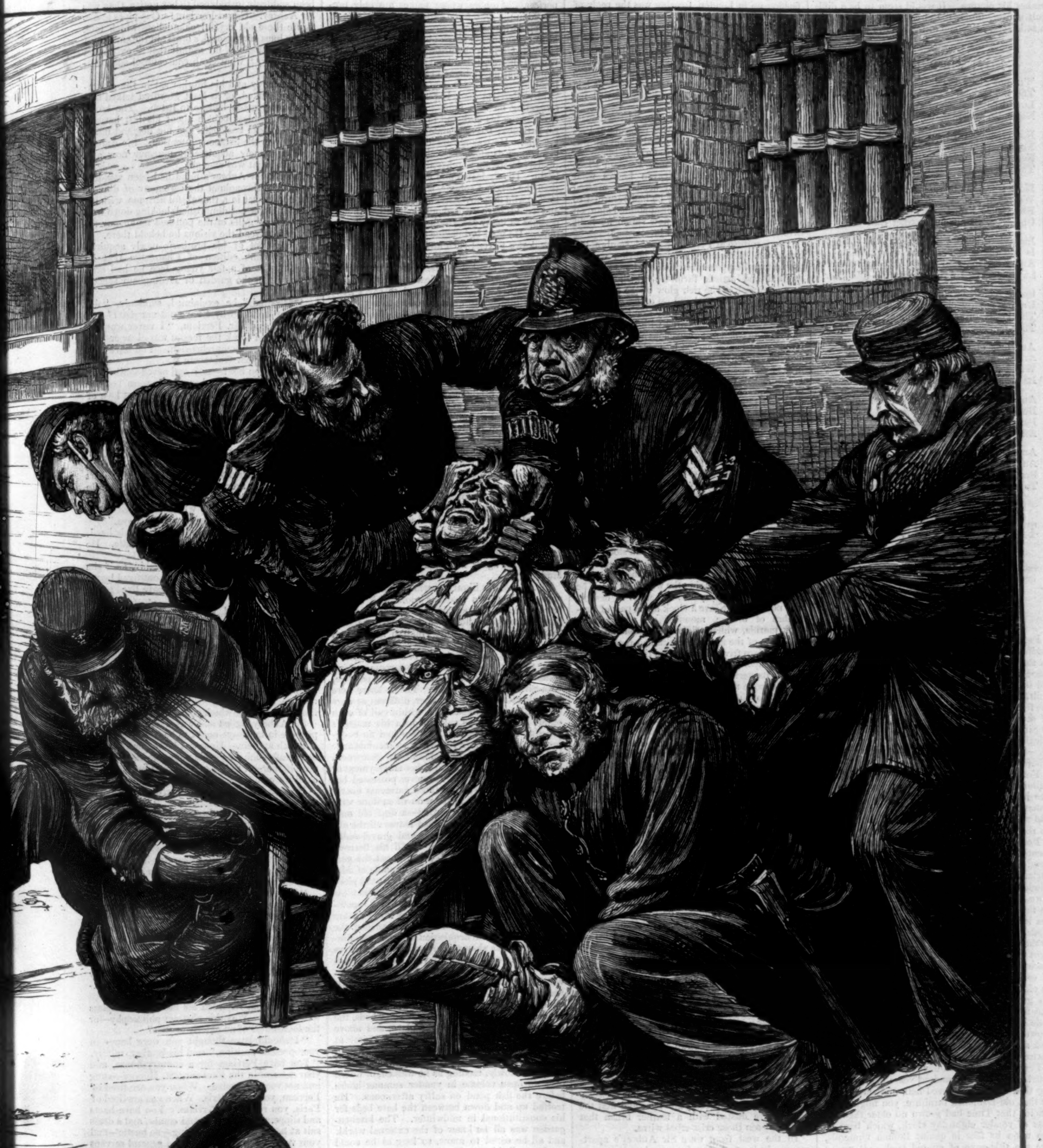
Why are coals the most contradictory articles known to commerce?—Because, when purchased, instead of going to the buyer, they go to the cellar.

"How much are these tearful bulbs by the quart?" asked a maiden of a grocer. He stared at her a moment, recovered himself, and said, "Oh, them inyuns—eight cents."

A London newsboy, having strayed into Surrey, was brought before a justice of the peace on some petty charge. "Where do you live?" asked the justice. "With mother," said the boy. "Where does she live?" "With father." "Where does he live?" "At home." "Where is their home?" roared the justice. "That's where I'm from, old man," replied the boy, winking at the judge. The young rascal was told to "go back there," and he went.



THE BASHFUL MO



MO—[SEE PAGE 1066.]

THE BASHFUL MODEL.

Our double-page illustration this week represents a scene in Newgate, where a prisoner is compelled to sit for his photograph, to be placed in the "Rogue's Gallery." He is, for many obvious reasons, averse to the process, and has to be held by the police while the photographist makes his picture. It would seem to be a difficult matter, under the circumstances, to obtain a satisfactory likeness of the bashful model.

NOVEMBER FANCIES.

'Tis not alone the leafless tree,
The mildewed plant, forlorn to see,
Low drooping in parterre and park,
November's waning days that mark.

Nor crisping frost upon the sill,
Nor shrewish winds that whistle shrill,
Nor weeping clouds that overhead
Their sombre weeds of mourning spread.

Most true that in such signs austere
We see the lapsing of the year,
But visible likewise is that
On grocer's stall and market slat.

Instead of lamb, wild venison
Is laid the butcher's block upon;
And from the stall hooks, here and there,
Swings, dressed for show, the pinguid bear.

Spring chickens now the poultry field
Unto a mighty champion yield:
The lordly turkey, bird unmatched,
That for Thanksgiving-day was hatched.

And tons of wild birds from the West
Are coming with a gamy zest;
While the old year, agog for snow,
Its whitening hares begins to show.

And roots, red, yellow, white, and all—
Beets, carrots, turnips, large and small,
Parsnips and sweet-potatoes—lie,
And grieve to see the Autumn die.

And burning tears the onion brings,
And hangs them up aloft on strings,
Ready, at cold December's call,
To shed them o'er the buried Fall.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PERRIAM PLACE.

Perriam Place had been built by a certain Godfrey Perriam in the days of Queen Anne, on the site where a previous Perriam Place had stood for centuries before, the Perriams being old in the land. When this new Perriam was built, Monkhampton returned its member; and the free and independent electors, to the number of seven-and-twenty, were as serfs and vassals to Sir Godfrey Perriam. He paid them for their allegiance—he or the member he made them vote for—but none ever dreamed of voting against Sir Godfrey's nominee.

For a great many years the present red-brick building had been called the New Place, but now age had mellowed its ruddy tones. The magnolias against the southern front stretched high and wide; the mansion had ripened like the fruit on the garden walls with the passage of years.

Perriam Place consisted of a handsome pedimented centre and two massive wings. Sculptured garlands adorned the stone frieze; the same garlands were repeated, in little, over doors and windows. Before the house stretched a noble lawn, shaded on one side by a clump of cedars, on the other by a group of giant maples. On the left of the house lay the flower garden, a model of old-fashioned horticulture, unimproved by the Capability Browns of later years. On the right were the kitchen-gardens, rich in commonplace vegetables, and boasting no dazzling range of orchard houses, pineries, and vineries—only an old hot-bed or two where the peasant gardeners grew cucumbers in the cucumber season. But the want of orchard houses need be felt but little in a climate where green pease could be grown till November, and where monster plums and ruddy peaches ripened uncared for on the buttressed walls.

Perriam Place of to-day was exactly like the Perriam Place of a hundred years ago. Entering that cool, stone-paved hall, and surrounded by that old-fashioned furniture, you might have fancied that Time had grown no older than the date of yonder eight-day clock, which bore its age upon its face in quaint Roman numerals, like the title-page of an old book. It was a fundamental principle with the Perriams not to spend any money which they could honorably avoid spending. They were not miserly or inhospitable; they lived as gentlemen should live, dispensed the orthodox benevolences of country gentlemen, kept a good table in dining-parlor and servants' hall, rode good horses; but they never frittered away money. Art they ignored altogether. No canvas save that of a family portrait ever graced the walls of Perriam. A few mezzotint engravings—Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope, Garrick, the great Lord Chatham, and Dr. Johnson—graced the oak paneling in the breakfast parlor, and these prints were the newest in the house. Perriams succeeded their fathers, and followed one another along the trodden way to Lethe, but no Perriam ever added to or improved the mansion. The things which had satisfied their forefathers satisfied them. They were eminently conservative, objected to new-fangled ways, took their after-dinner wine at a table whose broad expanse of mahogany reflected the ruby of the vintage, and avoided all superfluous expenditure of money. If the Perriam housekeeper, intent upon the glory of the house, ventured to hint at any change in the details of a banquet, to suggest that this or that was the fashion up in London, freezing was the reply of her lord.

"Fashion!" exclaimed Sir Aubrey. "What do I care about fashion? Do you suppose it matters to me what new-fangled trumpery is invented for parvenu stock-brokers and Manchester cotton lords? They can have no distinction except in wasting money. Let my table be laid as it was when Lord Bolingbroke visited my great-grandfather."

Lord Bolingbroke always silenced the housekeeper. He was almost a living presence at Perriam. The best of the spare bed-chambers was still called the Bolingbroke room. Brilliant St. John had slept in it when new Perriam Place was only a year old. Heaven knows what schemes had filled the busy head that pressed yonder pillows. Years after he had returned to Perriam, for a little while, a disappointed man, on whose once marvelous life now shone no light save that of woman's faithful love.

The furniture at Perriam was old, sombre, but handsome. The more modern portion was of the famous Chippendale school, perhaps the only original and artistic furniture which England ever produced. The rich glow of the prevailing mahogany was relieved and set off by satin-wood stringings. There were dainty Pembroke tables with reeded legs; sideboards with brass handles and claw-and-ball feet; capacious arm-chairs with lyre-shaped backs, carved by a chisel as correct and delicate in its lines as nature herself; what-nots of lightest build, yet firm as the Eddystone Light-house—furniture which in its very simplicity had a grace unknown to the florid ornamentation and gilded pitch-pine of the sham Louis-Quatorze school. The draperies were of the same date as the chairs and tables, and had not been improved by time like the mellowing wood; Indian brocaded curtains, whose damask had once been as vivid as the plumage of tropical birds, still adorned the drawing-room, and, although faded, looked handsomer than any modern fabric. Of ornament there was very little in that vast saloon, with its seven long windows and deep bay overlooking the garden. Two monster vases of Worcester china, rich in purple and gold, surmounted a Florentine marble table between the windows in the bay—a table that had stood there in the days of Lord Bolingbroke. A second pair of jars, huge and Oriental, graced the other end of the room on either side the wide hearth. The tall marble chimney-piece, Athenian in design, bore no ornament save a clock and a pair of candelabra of bronze, mounted on pedestals of black marble, which coldly contrasted the veinless white of the slab that sustained them.

No modern frivolities crowded this vast saloon. No Davenport, or dos-à-dos, or central ottoman marred its stern simplicity. No fernery or aquarium bespoke the tastes of some feminine occupant. No photographic album or stereoscope offered diversion to the idle visitor. The cell of a model prison could hardly have been less fruitful in diversion for the unthinking mind. The amateur of architecture might find something to admire in the three-foot-deep cornice, with its variety of moulding and egg-and-dart border, but, save in its architectural beauties, the room was barren of interest.

Yet to the thinker there was some charm in its very repose: that old-world look which told of days gone by, when the world was a century and a half younger. The present lord of Perriam was very proud of his drawing-room, or saloon, as the chamber was religiously entitled. Not for kingdoms would he have changed an object in that soberly furnished apartment. And by this wise conservatism he at once testified his reverence for his ancestors and saved his own money.

"Photographic album!" he exclaimed, when some frivolous person suggested that he should adorn one of the Chippendale tables with that refuge of the mindless guest. "There were no photograph albums in the time of Bolingbroke, and society was a great deal more brilliant then than it is now. If people want to amuse themselves, let them read Pope. There's a fine edition in yonder book-case."

And the baronet pointed the finger of triumph at a dwarf book-case defended by brass lattices which extended along one side of his saloon. Here, neatly ranged, were all those authors whose reputation increases daily among a generation by which they are for the most part unread—Pope, Prior, Gay, Swift, St. John, Addison, and Steele. Sir Aubrey forgot that the key of that treasury had been mislaid fifteen years ago, and that the books were dusted with a feather brush that went between those criss-cross wires.

In the west front were Sir Aubrey's apartments—bedroom, vast, gloomy; dressing-room, larger than most modern bedrooms; study, a mere closet. And at the southern end of the house, communicating by a narrow passage with the baronet's rooms, and overlooking the kitchen-garden, were the apartments which had been occupied without change for the last thirty years by Sir Aubrey's brother, Mordred Perriam. The ancient Saxon name was almost Mr. Perriam's sole heritage from his ancient race, for the Perriam estates were strictly entailed, and, but for a stray two hundred a year that came to him from the maternal side of the house, Mordred Perriam would have been dependent upon his brother for support. As it was, Mr. Perriam lived with his brother, and lived free of all expense. He spent the greater part of his own income upon his library, a heterogeneous collection of second-hand books, bought hap-hazard of those provincial booksellers with whom Mr. Perriam kept up a never-ending correspondence. They were such volumes as Martin Scriblerus or Dominie Sampson might have rejoiced in, but which would hardly have provoked the envy of a modern collector. Brown leather bindings; ancient editions in which the least voluminous author generally ran into forty volumes; queer old ribbed paper, queer old type—no single set perfect. Authors whose names are only preserved in the *Dunciad;* authors whose brief span of popularity has left no record whatever. English obscurities, French obscurities, Roman obscurities, German obscurities, cumbered the bookworm's shelves, till to hunt for a genuine classic amidst that uncatalogued chaos was half a day's labor.

Mr. Perriam had begun many catalogues, struggling on with infinite toil, trotting to and fro between his desk and the shelves with meekest patience; but the catalogues always ended in muddle. He was always buying, and the supplementary catalogues which his latest purchases rendered necessary bothered his somewhat feeble brain. His fly-leaves and addenda grew thicker than the original volume, and he abandoned his task in wild despair. After all, he knew his books, and could have recited all their titles, though perhaps in many cases unfamiliar with their contents. He used to imagine that he had a particular desire to read such and such an author, till he got the author at home. But the volumes once snug on his shelves, the desire seemed somehow appeased. When his learned friends talked of an author, Mr. Perriam used to say, "Ah! I've got him." He was too honest to say, "I've read him."

The apartments devoted to Mr. Perriam were airy and spacious like all the rest of the house. But large as they were, his books overran them. From floor to ceiling, under the windows, over the mantel-piece, wherever a shelf could be put, appeared those endless rows of brown-backed volumes, hardly brightened here and there by the faded crimson labels of some later editions. Mr. Perriam could not afford to be a connoisseur in bindings. No costly tooled calf, no perfumed Russia, gratified his sense of scent or feeling. But in his very poverty there lurked a blessing. He had taught himself to patch the old bindings, to stain, and sprinkle, and marble the dust-blackened edges, and he was never more serenely content than when he sat before his work-table, and dabbed and fitted, and pasted and furbished, the battered old volumes with the aid of a glue-pot, a few scraps of calf-skin, a little vermilion, a big pair of scissors, and inexhaustible patience. In his heart of hearts Mr. Perriam felt that, could he begin life again, he would wish to be a bookbinder.

Mr. Perriam's library overlooked the kitchen-garden. It was a spacious room with a deep bay like that which at the other extremity of the house formed the end of the drawing-room. In the days when there were children at Perriam this room had been the nursery. Immediately above it was Mr. Perriam's bed-chamber, and next to that a smallish dressing-room, which communicated, by means of a dark little passage, with Sir Aubrey's bedroom. The brothers were honestly attached to each other, different as were their habits, and liked to be within call of each other. Sir Aubrey's valet slept in his master's dressing-room; but Mr. Perriam had no body-servant. That was a luxury or an incumbrance which he persistently denied himself. Nor would his wardrobe have afforded either employment or perquisites for a valet. He never possessed but one suit of clothes, wore those garments nearly threadbare, and passed them on when done with to an underling in the garden—a deaf old man who wheeled a barrow of dead leaves all the autumn, and rolled the lawns and gravel-walks when there were no leaves to fill his barrow. This old gardener used to prowl about the gardens looking like the wraith or double of Mr. Perriam. When there were visitors at the place Mr. Perriam rarely showed himself. When Sir Aubrey had no guests the brothers dined together; but while the baronet was away Mr. Perriam always dined in his own den, and turned the leaves of some late acquisition as he ate his dinner. He was a slow reader, and had been three years poring over an old copy of Dante, and addling his poor old brains with the commentaries which obscured the text. If he took a walk, it was in the kitchen-garden. He liked those prim quadrangles of pot-herbs, the straight narrow walks, the espalier-bounded strawberry beds, the perfect order and quiet of the place, and above all he liked to know that no chance visitor at Perriam would surprise him there. He brought his books here on summer mornings, and paced the paths slowly, reading as he walked, or dozed over an open volume in yonder summer-house before the fish pond on sultry afternoons. He trotted up and down between the bare beds for his constitutional in midwinter. The kitchen-garden was all he knew of the external world, and all he cared to know, so long as he could conduct all his transactions with booksellers through the convenient medium of the post. So passed his harmless uneventful life, and if no man could say that Mordred Perriam had ever done him a service, assuredly none could charge him with a wrong.

CHAPTER XIX.

"LOVE, THOU ART LEADING ME FROM WINTRY COLD."

Sir Aubrey and his brother dined *tête-à-tête* on the evening of that day on which Mrs. Carford left the brief shelter of the school-house to resume her place in life's endless procession. The dining-room at Perriam faced the north-west, and commanded a fine side-view of the setting sun. One saw the glorious luminary sink to his rest without being inconvenienced by his expiring splendor.

It was eight o'clock, and that western glory was fading, but Sir Aubrey liked the twilight. It was at once soothing and economical, and the baronet did not forget how large a check he annually wrote for the Monkhampton tallow-chandler. People talked of the cheapness and brilliancy of gas, but Queen Anne herself could not have been more averse from that garish light, had it been suddenly introduced to her notice, than was Sir Aubrey. Gas at Perriam! Gas-pipes to disfigure those old crystal chandeliers which took all the hues of a peacock's breast in the sunshine! "August shade of my grandfather!" exclaimed Sir Aubrey, "what Goth can counsel such desecration?"

Sir Aubrey and his brother sat in the gloaming, and talked, or at least Mordred talked and Sir Aubrey made believe to listen. The bookworm's harmless babble about his last bargain with a Bristol bookseller did not demand much strain upon the listener's attention. Sir Aubrey gave a vaguely acquiescent murmur now and then, and that was enough.

Indeed, Sir Aubrey's mind had been wandering a little throughout the ceremony of dinner, and now he sat in a thoughtful attitude, with his glass of claret not diminished, looking down into the shadowy gulfs of the polished mahogany table, as if to read the visions he beheld there.

It was not of his brother's newly acquired twelve-volume edition of Chatterton that he thought, but of a fair young face he had seen last night in the garden of Hedingham school-house.

"Mordred," he exclaimed, suddenly, "did you ever wonder why I have not married?"

"No," said Mr. Perriam, "I never wonder. But I should think the reason was clear enough to the meanest comprehension. You have never forgotten poor Guinevere."

"Forgotten her?—no; and never shall forget her. Yet if, at my sober age, it were possible for a man to feel a romantic love—that love of a poet rather than a man of the world—do you think he ought to trample upon the flower because it has blossomed late?"

"Do you mean to say that you have fallen in love?" asked Mordred, aghast.

"I have seen a face lovely enough to bewitch a saint or a hermit—to thaw the coldest heart that time ever froze. I don't admit that I'm in love. That would be too great a folly. But I feel within me a faculty which I deemed I had long outlived—the capacity to fall in love."

Mordred Perriam put his hands to his head, and rubbed his scanty gray hair distractedly. He thought his brother was going mad.

"Poor Guinevere!" he said, feebly, as if the shade of that patrician lady were outraged by Sir Aubrey's folly. "If she could have lived to see this day!"

"If she had lived, I might have been the happy father of many children," answered Sir Aubrey; "as it is, the estate must go to Lancelot Perriam whenever you and I are laid beside our ancestors."

"That seems hard," said Mr. Perriam, who was able to appreciate this common-sense view of the question. "If you could find any body now to replace Lady Guinevere—of the same rank—an alliance which you might be proud of!"

Sir Aubrey sighed and was silent. His chief purpose in marriage ought to be to provide himself with an heir. How was he to confront that heir in after-life if he could not name his maternal grandfather—if for all genealogical purposes the child were on the maternal side grandfatherless?

He sighed again, and with increasing despondency.

"At my age, my dear Mordred, a man can hardly hope to marry a duke's daughter. I shall never meet a second Guinevere. Lord Bolingbroke's second wife was a Frenchwoman. He consulted his heart rather than his interest."

"Bolingbroke married the niece of Madame de Maintenon, and the widow of a marquis."

"True, but he married for love," said Sir Aubrey, impatiently. "Late in life a man should marry for love, if he is to marry at all: he has so short a span left him in which to be happy. At twenty a man can afford to consult his interest, and marry a woman he doesn't care for. A youth of domestic misery may be compensated by a middle age of worldly success. But at my age there is nothing left a man to wish for—except happiness."

Mr. Perriam regarded his brother in helpless wonderment. Was this abstract philosophy—or the foolishness of an elderly egotist?

"I should have thought you were happy in your present position," said his brother, mildly. "You have Perriam for a country-house, and your *entresol* in the Faubourg St. Honoré—snug and not very expensive. When you are tired of Perriam, you go to Paris. When you are tired of Paris, you return to Perriam. You have boots and slippers, and brushes and combs, and a dress suit at both places—no packing—no bustle—and your valet here is your cook and general servant there. What could be pleasanter, if one must move at all?"

"An empty life, at best," said Sir Aubrey, "and monotonous. The fact of the matter is," he went on, in a business-like tone, "that for some years past I have felt it my duty to marry. If I have shrunk from that duty—preferring the repose and serenity of a bachelor's life—I have felt myself guilty of moral cowardice. It is hard that Perriam should descend to one who is all but a stranger."

"Horace Perriam—a starched prig in the War-office," said Mordred. "There is not such another kitchen-garden in the west of England!" he added, with a sigh. "If you could find some one of suitable rank—I don't say a duke's daughter, but of suitable rank—some good old family—bearing arms which the Perriams need not blush to quarter with their own."

This was harping on a string which Mordred had been accustomed to hear twanged by his elder brother. He was surprised to find the baronet indifferent, or even contemptuous, about this question of rank.

"As to family," he said, "the Perriams ought to be like the Bourbons—great enough to give rank to their children without aid from the mother. The sons of Louis Quatorze were all princes. My son will be Sir Aubrey Perriam by-and-by, and he could have been no more than Sir Aubrey Perriam if poor Guinevere had been his mother."

Mordred made haste to agree with his brother. He rarely disputed a point with any one, unless it were a purely literary question, such as the reason of Ovid's exile, or Tasso's madness, or the identity of the man in the iron mask, or the authorship of Junius's letters.

"You have seen some one, perhaps, whom you admire—some young lady belonging to one of our county families," said Mordred. He could not suppose that his brother's eye had fallen to any lower depth than the county families.

Sir Aubrey winced. He had been so bigoted a high priest in the temple of the family god, and the family god was Caste. How could he justify such sacrilege as would be involved in his admiration of a village school-master's daughter?

"I have certainly seen some one I admire," he said, with a curious shyness, and almost juvenile shame in this late-born love. "A young lady who is very pretty, very amiable, altogether worthy of admiration. A young lady whose affection might make any man proud and happy. But she is not of a particularly good family; or, if her father belongs to an old and respectable family, which is not impossible, since his name is a good one, he is reduced in circumstances, and occupies a somewhat humble position."

"A curate, perhaps," suggested Mordred, vaguely.

"No, he is not in the Church."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mordred, with an awed look, "you don't mean to say that he is in trade?"

"No, he is not in trade."

Mr. Perriam breathed more freely.

"I am glad of that," he said. "I live so secluded from the world that it might seem unimportant to me, but I shouldn't like to think that any stigma of that kind could attach to us in future. The actual fact might be glossed over in Burke's *Landed Gentry;* but people would remember it all the same."

"Never mind details, my dear Mordred," returned Sir Aubrey; "after all, what I have been talking about is perhaps but an idle dream."

"You ought to marry," said Mordred, thinking of his kitchen-garden. He begrudged the heir the reversion of those neat walks by the box-bordered beds where a narrow line of hardy flowers, stocks, sweet-william, mignonette, or nasturtium screened the broccoli and onions that grew within the boundary. The dear old garden, with its red earthenware sea-kale pots peeping out of the greenery, and that delicious herby odor which sweetens the atmosphere of country kitchen-gardens.

"Ah!" said Sir Aubrey, with a sigh, "I shall never marry unless it is for love."

Mr. Perriam smiled approvingly across the wide shining table; but his soul was full of wonder. All human love, except his mild affection for Aubrey, had withered in his heart thirty years ago. Indeed, there had never been warmth enough in that placid temperament to kindle the flame of love. Women he looked upon as a race apart, useful, doubtless, after their lower kind, but to be kept at the furthest possible distance by the Sage. Marriage Mr. Perriam regarded as a stern necessity for elder sons. The younger scions of a great race, more happy, could slip through life untried in the matrimonial furnace. That any one should cumber himself with a wife, save when compelled to that burden by the exigencies of a fine estate, seemed to Mr. Perriam almost incredible. A wife who would doubtless take odd volumes of his books from their shelves to mislay them, or meddle with his papers! He thanked Providence for having made him the cadet of the house.

"For love," repeated Aubrey to himself; "for love! How Mordred and all the world would laugh at my folly, if I dared indulge it. Love at fifty-seven years of age, and for a girl young enough to be my granddaughter. It is too wild a folly. Yet if a true affection could be possible to a man of my age, it ought to be possible for me. I have not frittered away my stock of feeling upon passing fancies. My life has been free from the follies that waste the hearts of some men. Late as the day comes, I ought to be able to love truly, and to win a true heart, if I have but courage to seek for one. Shall I seek it where this new fancy draws me? Shall I trust the augury of eyes and lips that speak but of innocence and truth?"

The butler came to light the candles in the tall silver branches, of pseudo-classic design.

"Tell Morgan to saddle Splinter," said Sir Aubrey; "I'm going for a ride."

"So late, Aubrey?" exclaimed Mordred, who liked a quiet evening with his brother. It was nice to be able to prose about his last acquisition to some listener of his own rank—and if Aubrey did not listen, Mordred was too much engrossed by his own discourse to note the inattention.

"I like a ride in this half-light," answered the baronet. "I was out last night till ten."

"Yes," said Mordred, with a sigh. "I shall be glad when the winter comes, and we return to our old ways—a big fire burning in the saloon, and you and I on opposite sides of the hearth on nice long evenings."

"Rather dull," drawled Sir Aubrey, with a yawn.

"Dull, when we have each other's company?"

"Yes, that's all very well. But don't you think that for two old fellows like us a fair young face would brighten the picture—an innocent, joyous-hearted girl, who would be a wife to me, and yet seem a daughter to both of us—a clear young voice that would fill this old house with music. Our lives are placid enough as it is: but don't you think such a change as I speak of might make them happy? Eh, Mordred?"

"Changes which disturb tranquillity in the hope of realizing happiness are apt to end in disappointment," replied Mr. Perriam, with the sententiousness of a Solon.

It was not a pleasant speech, and Sir Aubrey felt angry with his brother—a rare sensation on his part, for he had a protecting kindness for this younger brother, whose eccentricities touched the border line of weakness.

"Splinter is at the door, Sir Aubrey," said the butler; and without another word to Mordred, Sir Aubrey departed.

"Ah," moaned his brother, when he had watched horse and rider vanish in the shades of evening, "this comes of letting a woman mix herself up with his thoughts. He's changed to me already."

* * * * * *

Sir Aubrey took the shortest way to Hedingham. It was a foolish fancy, no doubt, which impelled him to take this evening ride—but the scent of the hedge-rows was sweet, the air balmy, a faint breath of the distant sea blended with the cool odors of newly shorn fields. There was, in short, no reason why a country gentleman should not enjoy the twilit landscape, instead of dozing in his favorite arm-chair by his barren hearth. But Sir Aubrey hardly looked at the landscape. His thoughts were swifter than Splinter, and flew on ahead of him, and lighted upon Sylvia Carew. He could think of no excuse for an evening visit to the school-house. All day long he had resisted the impulse that urged him to go there. And now, in the evening, after that useless battle with inclination, he was weak enough to indulge his fancy.

What excuse should he make for intruding upon the school-master's privacy? He, the all-powerful, the lord of the soil, was positively obliged to ask himself that question. Miss Carew was not a picture hanging on a wall in a public gallery—a fair face which strangers might gaze upon at their pleasure. Lofty as was the height which raised him above these people, there were certain conventionalities to be observed even by him.

He left his horse at the inn, and walked on toward the school-house. A light was burning in the parlor, and the door was shut. He had hoped to find Mr. Carew smoking his pipe in the open doorway, as he had found him yesterday.

It seemed a very serious thing to knock at the door—almost enough to commit him to some serious step in the future.

He looked about him doubtfully. Early as it was, no creature was visible. Dim lights twinkled here and there in cottage windows. The children's voices were silent. The Hedingham day was over. Sir Aubrey began to feel that it was very late indeed.

He took out his watch. There was just enough light for him to see the fingers on its white face. A quarter to nine. Yes, decidedly too late for him to intrude upon the school-master without any definite object. Well, he had gratified his fancy by this evening ride. There was nothing better for him to do than to go back again.

Stay, what was that? A glimpse of something white yonder among the dark trees in the church-yard—something which moved. A woman's dress—a girlish figure, tall and slim, robed in white. Twice had he seen Sylvia in a white gown. Was it she?

He went round to the church-yard gate, and entered that domain of shadow, where the deep gloom of the foliage seemed to typify the deep sleep of those who lay beneath its shade. He walked slowly, looking about him, as if contemplative of the tombs, and in a few minutes found the object of his quest.

It was Sylvia, and no other. She had seated herself on a low tombstone when he found her, in a thoughtful attitude, her folded arms resting on a head-stone that leaned lopsided against the tomb where she sat, her drooping head leaning on her arms.

"How perfect a statue of meditation!" thought Sir Aubrey. "Yet what can she have to think so deeply about?"

His approaching footstep startled the thinker. Sylvia lifted her head and looked up at him, just able to recognize him in that shadowy place.

"Good-evening, Miss Carew. I fear I disturbed pleasant meditations."

"No, Sir Aubrey, my thoughts were sad. I am thankful to have them dispelled."

"What can one so young and fair have to do with sadness?"

The girl was not prepared to answer that question plainly.

"I suppose there is some care in every life. Mine had to do with the troubles of others."

"I thought as much. Youth and innocence can have few cares of its own. And pray remember, Miss Carew, if ever you have need of a friend, you may command my services. As lord of the manor, I naturally take a warm interest in all that concerns Hedingham," he added, lest his offer of friendship should seem particular.

This qualification made the whole speech sound conventional.

"I wish he would give me some money to send to Mrs. Carford," thought Sylvia, for the shadow of last night's visitor had haunted her all the day; "but I could not stoop so low as to beg of him. And of course he means nothing but a mere hollow civility."

"Your father is at home, I suppose?" inquired the baronet.

"Yes, Sir Aubrey."

"Then I think I should like to look in upon him and say a word or two about this new school-house, if you are quite sure he is disengaged."

"I am quite sure. He does nothing but read the paper of an evening. He will be proud to receive your visit."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IN New York and in other large cities, as well as in numerous country places, there are now many thousands of able-bodied laborers out of employment. The financial difficulties of the present season have been spread all through the country, and the result has been the curtailment of general business, the stoppage of manufactories, wholly or in part, and the discharge of many laborers. The effect of such a condition of things, just at the commencement of winter, must be not only a great amount of physical suffering, but a large increase of crime. The wise liberality of the benevolent will never be more imperatively needed than during the coming season, to provide, as far as possible, remunerative employment for those who are well, and to relieve the sick and feeble poor. A worthy charity, which perhaps has not been extensively known, is the "Sick Children's Fund" of the Children's Aid Society. Those who are laboring among the poor in our city, particularly those connected with industrial and mission schools, learn that many deserving poor, who fall into temporary difficulties, often suffer in silence, and endure the greatest privations rather than let their wants be known by application for relief. Parents, also, are often ignorant in regard to the proper treatment of sick children, and either send for no physician, or employ one of the miserable quacks who infest a city. The chief design of the "Sick Children's Fund" is to furnish gratuitously medical attendance, medicine, and nourishing food to sick poor children, or their parents who are sick. The cases of relief on the records of the society for the past year prove the blessings conferred and the importance of continuing the good work. Our readers will be interested in a brief account of a single instance, which is furnished by the superintendent of Rivington Street Lodging-House. One day last summer a little boy lay apparently dying in the attic of a tenement-house in Rivington Street. The mother, weary and weeping, sat beside him, waiting, for the "doctor" had gone away, saying no more could be done for the child, and she had buried her only other child a few days before. A missionary was in the room, praying that life might be spared, when a little fellow, who was attracted by the solemn voice of prayer, stole up stairs from the street, and opened the door. He seemed to comprehend the situation quickly, and slipping quietly up to the mother, said,

"Missus, Mr. R——'s a nice man, and prays nice, but seems to me a doctor ud do Stephie more good."

Stephie's mother said that the doctor had just left, saying that the child was dying.

"But," replied the boy, "I know a doctor that 'll cure him, and he don't charge a cent. I'll go fetch him."

He was told that it was too late, but said he,

"No, 'tain't; he cured my little sister, and fixed my broken arm. I'll fetch him;" and so he rushed from the room.

Presently the door-bell of the society's office was violently rung, and a ragged little fellow, gasping for breath, and with one arm in a sling, was admitted, and hurriedly said,

"Please, mister, a little boy's awful bad, and Mr. R——'s praying like sixty, but it don't do him a bit of good. Won't you send Dr. B——? He can fix him."

He was told the doctor would go at once, and volunteered to show the way. Little "Stephie" was saved by prompt and energetic measures, though the physician said he did not think he could have lived two hours longer without medical help.

Nothing satisfies some people so quickly as an explanation of some kind. At least it so seemed when a Detroit woman, who was told by her grocer the price of a pound of butter, exclaimed, in amazement, "Thirty-two cents!" "Yes, 'm," he replied, with a bland smile. "You see, the grocers can't carry much of a reserve, and we can't turn our collaterals at a sacrifice. If the government calls in the bonds due in 1874, and the imports of bullion tend to ease the money market a little, butter must find its level, with every thing else. Butter is very panicky just now, but I think the worst is over." She paid the money without further growling.

European residents on the Gold Coast are reported as being eager for the destruction of Coomassie, regarding this measure as essential to the protection of the colonies from the inroads of the Ashantees. Coomassie lies on a height, in the midst of a level country, and is said to be undefended, except by the river Subino, which runs all around it through a series of swamps and morasses. There is a large lake in the vicinity, twelve miles long by eight broad, and swarming with fishes. The proposed plan is to lay a railway through the dense forests to the town Saluga, which is friendly to the English. In fact, the iron for this railway is now on its way to the Gulf of Guinea, if not already there. From Saluga the way to Coomassie lies across the ridge of the Adansi Hills. But the King of Ashantee can command, it is said, an army of 150,000 men, and his troops are brave, and understand fighting.

A singular story is told of a Connecticut lady who, last July, swallowed a huckleberry "the wrong way." She thought nothing of the matter after the temporary uneasiness passed away, but soon symptoms of consumption appeared, though her general health seemed good. A few days ago she coughed up the huckleberry, and the dreaded symptoms of disease have disappeared.

The Home for the Friendless, a long-established and well-known institution of this city, will be open on Thanksgiving-day for its twenty-fifth annual donation visit. Four of its eleven day schools—about five hundred children—will dine at the Home at one o'clock, and, during the afternoon and evening, will assemble in the chapel, and entertain their friends with singing and other exercises. The remainder of the schools will be provided with dinners at their respective school-rooms on previous and subsequent days. Any donations of clothing or provisions for these schools will be thankfully received at the Home, or will be sent for upon notice. The Home, No. 32 East Thirtieth Street, between Fourth and Madison avenues, is easily accessible by the Broadway or Fourth Avenue cars, or the Madison Avenue or Fifth Avenue stages. The officers of the society will be happy to have their friends, and the friends of the poor, look in upon them on this occasion, and see how the usually neglected children of the streets and tenement-houses are cared for.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* recently gave a description of "Thomas Nast's Home and Studio," in Morristown, New Jersey. We clip a few items therefrom in reference to the studio:

"Three ordinary-sized windows afford sufficient light, and near one of them is placed a plain table, at which Mr. Nast works. A partly opened drawer affords a rest for the blocks on which he is working, and a few pencils within reach comprise his materials for labor. On the table are scattered newspapers in profusion. A well-used volume of Shakspeare is the only book within reach. Around the walls are hung a large number of pictures in colors, drawings, and sketches for studies, while upon brackets are placed busts and figures. A large glass case in one corner contains a complete skeleton, which was purchased in Paris. It is so perfectly hung on wires, and each joint so pivoted, that every motion of the living man can be copied on the skeleton, and it thus makes a complete posturer for the artist. Mr. Nast's children take great delight in showing this skeleton to their young visitors, and have lost all fear of it. A cabinet contains the photographs of nearly every important person in this country and abroad. They are numbered by thousands, and are so placed that the hand may be laid in a moment on any one of them. Mr. Nast draws directly upon the wooden block, never first sketching his idea on paper. He has a large collection of blocks to suit his purpose, from the full double-page of *Harper's* to the diminutive block on which may be drawn a quaint capital letter for a book illustration. His ideas are generally unformed when he begins to sketch, having in his mind only a rough outline of what he wishes to portray. As he works a figure starts up here and there, and ideas come into shape, until the caricature is completed, and furnishes work for the engraver's tools. Mr. Nast works rapidly, as may be inferred from his multitudinous caricatures. If visitors are in his study, he converses freely with them as he works, and his children play around without annoyance to him; indeed, one is often on his knee as he works. Several of his drawings of children are portraits of his own, and the little ones are proud of being taken to sit for their pictures."

A Nashville paper says that, owing to the financial pressure, the management of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway Company have been compelled to reduce the number of their employés in the shops. The employés, however, realize the situation, and take the matter very philosophically, knowing that they will have steady and remunerative employment in the better time coming, and the next day after their discharge thirty of them left for Reelfoot Lake on a hunting and fishing expedition. This gives indication that the men mean to keep up a cheerful spirit even in hard times.

It is a fact suggestive to proprietors of hotels and restaurants that many of the hotels are not full at the present time, and that manifest economy is practiced by the frequenters of restaurants. For several years past charges at hotels and restaurants have been unduly exorbitant, and the effort it has been suggested should be made to reduce prices seems to be demanded by the pressure of the times. Many persons feel the imperative necessity of economizing in living, and dispense with every needless luxury.

Matters go hard in Arkansas. An editor in that far country frees his mind as follows:

"We have several hundred dollars due us for subscriptions, and we want them. We are out of meat, money, and other things. We are out at the elbow. We are out of patience, and seriously contemplate running our face for about two hundred postal cards with which to remind those who owe us. Pay up."

Chicago certainly contains one woman of persistent enterprise. During the recent financial panic, when all the banks felt the uncertain condition of affairs, and many could not promptly pay out to depositors, an interesting young woman rushed frantically to one of the directors of a certain bank, and asked for her money. She had fifty dollars in the bank.

"I am very sorry, madam," said the director; "but I can't help you to it just now."

"But I must have it immediately," she returned, passionately. "It's all I have in the world."

"Well, my dear madam, you must have patience as well as the rest."

"But mine is an urgent case, and I *can't* wait, because—"

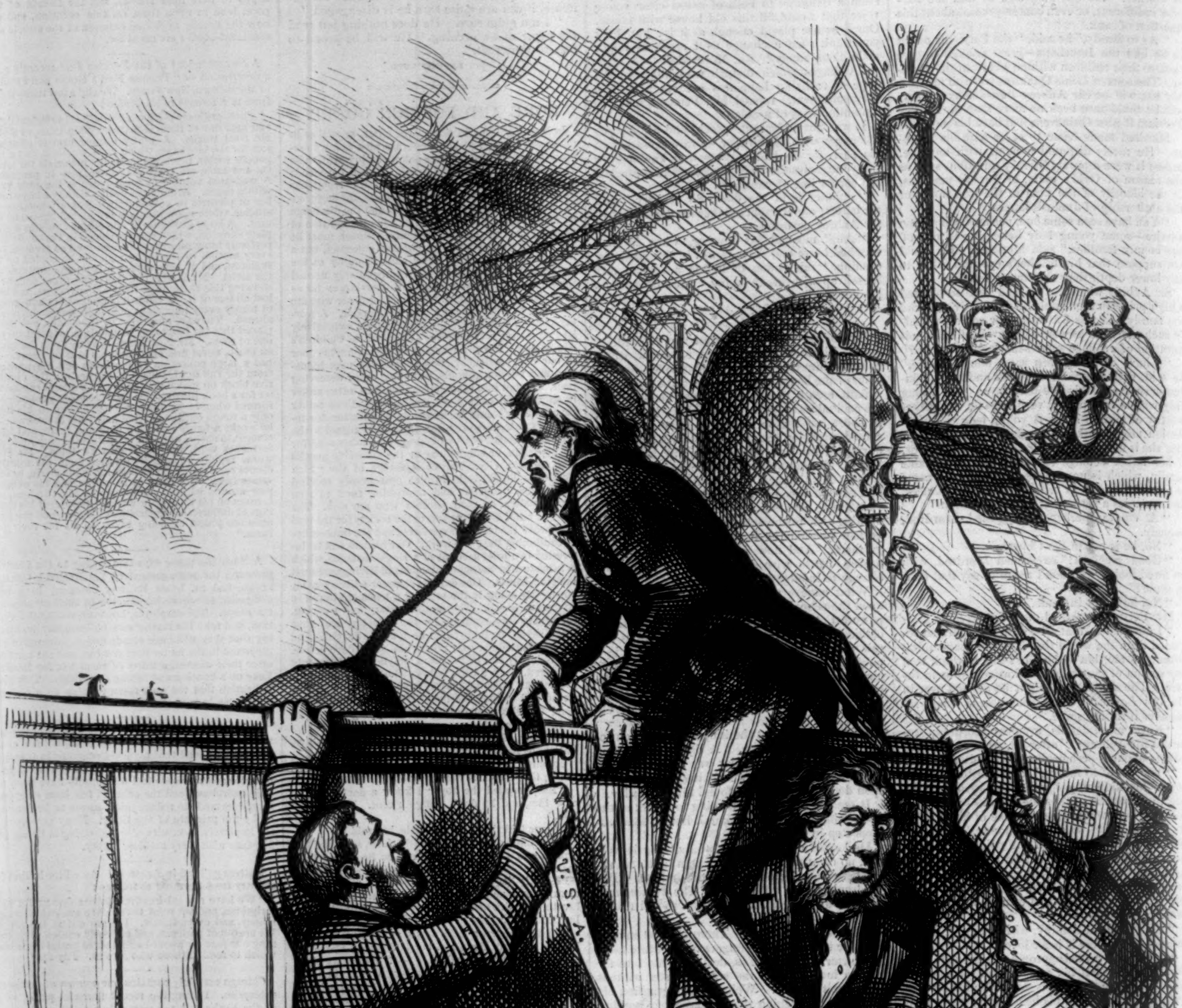
"Well, because what?"

"Because," said she, with a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye—"because I am going to be married, and I've got to get some things. The man I'm going to marry has not a cent to pay the minister, and he has only one leg, and so I've got to see to every thing myself."

The sympathizing director was fairly conquered. He put his hand into his own private purse, and the young woman departed, happy in the prospect of losing her money otherwise than by the suspension of a bank—and of gaining a husband to support.

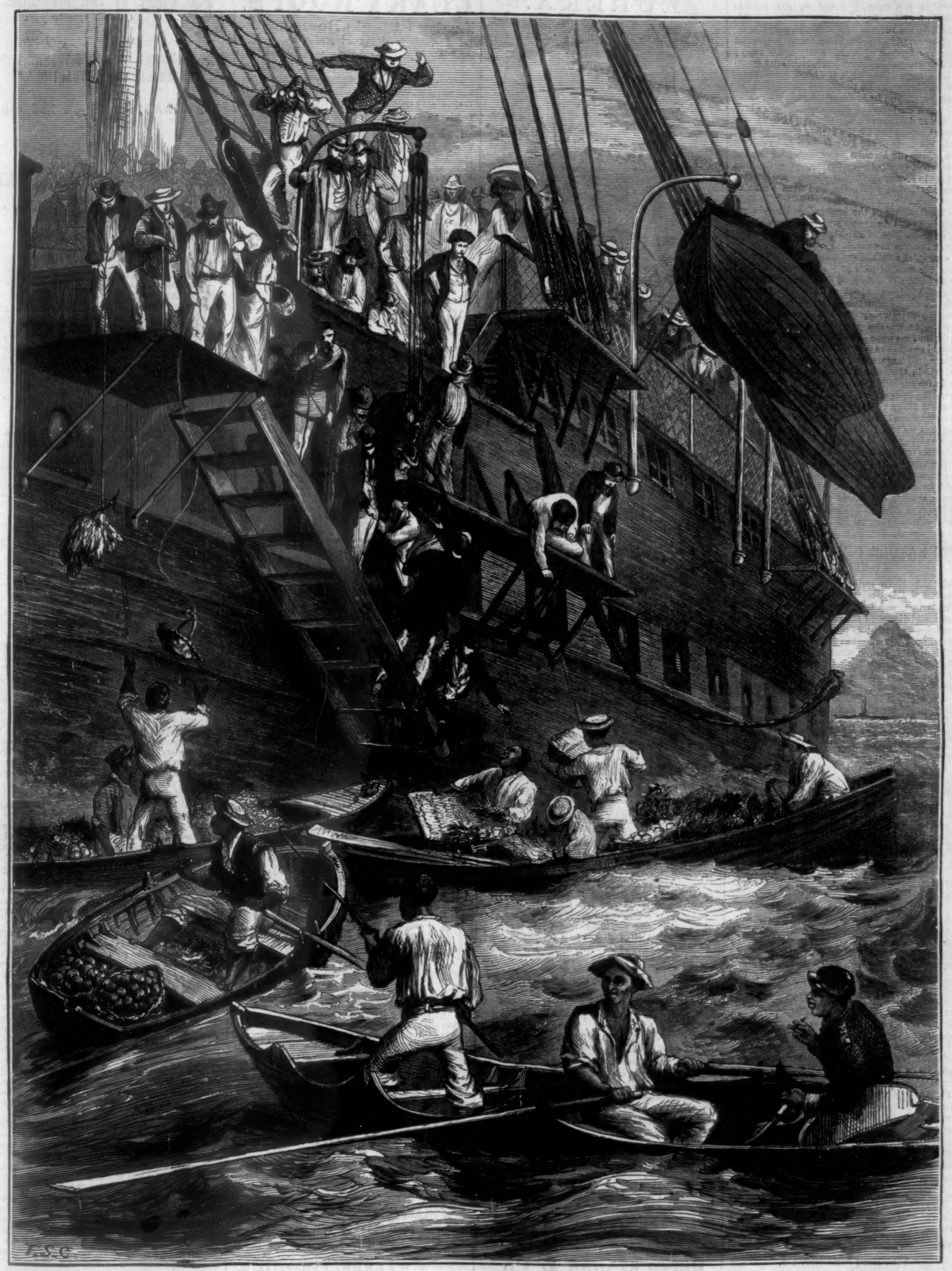
Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, is now twenty-nine years old, and his destined bride is twenty. He has been a constant traveler for many years past. According to the *Queen*, he has visited each of the five quarters of the world, and has "surveyed mankind," if not literally "from China to Peru," at all events from Japan to Niagara, and has been at home alike in the Pacific, the Atlantic, and the Mediterranean. He has sailed round the best part of the world in command of the *Galatea*, and has seen "all that is to be seen," not only in the localities above named, but also in India and Australia, at the Mauritius, in Ceylon, and at the Cape of Good Hope. He has hunted tigers in India, and smaller beasts in North America; has sat down to a "luan" or native feast in the Sandwich Islands, and danced with Queen Emma; he has given presents to, and received the highest honors from, the Mikado of Japan, and has been entertained by a grand review at Cape Town; he has received a wound from the hand of a would-be assassin in Australia; and, jointly with one of the officers who accompanied him on his long voyages, he has penned an account of his adventures in foreign lands. He was the first member of the royal family who set foot on the shores of Hindostan; and when he was "sounded" by the Spanish *hidalgos* as to whether he would be likely to accept the crown of that country if offered to him, was wise enough to shake his head at the proposal.

During the course of his travels the Prince made a very large collection of natural and artificial curiosities, including many presents of various kinds, which have been exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, and are now arranged to be placed in his residence, Clarence House. While in Italy during the past summer the Prince made the personal acquaintance of the Pope and of Victor Emanuel.



THE SPANISH BULL IN CUBA GONE MAD.

It must be stopped. If Spain can't do it, **WE MUST!**



IN QUARANTINE.

IN QUARANTINE.

This illustration represents a ship which has arrived in a West Indian port. Either from there being some infectious disease on board, or because she sailed from some port where such a disease was prevailing, she has been obliged to anchor at quarantine. The natives come alongside in boats filled with fruits and other articles, which are hauled on board by the passengers by means of ropes or long poles. At the best, these quarantine detentions are tedious and vexatious, especially when they occur at the end of a long voyage, and every body is weary of the confinement on board ship; but they are often the only means of preventing the spread of disease.

MONT BLANC.

The ordinary view from Mont Blanc is not specially picturesque—and for a sufficient reason. The architect has concentrated his whole energies in producing a single impression. Every thing has been so arranged as to intensify the sense of vast height and an illimitable horizon. In a good old guide-book I have read, on the authority, I think, of Pliny, that the highest mountain in the world is 300,000 feet above the sea; and one is apt to fancy, on ascending Mont Blanc, that the guess is not so far out. The effect is perfectly unique in the Alps; but it is produced at a certain sacrifice. All dangerous rivals have been removed to such a distance as to become apparently insignificant. No grand mass can be admitted into the foreground; for the sense of vast size is gradually forced upon you by the infinite multiplicity of detail. Mont Blanc must be like an Asiatic despot, alone and supreme, with all inferior peaks reverently couched at his feet. If a man, previously as ignorant of geography as a boy who has just left a public school, could be transported for a moment to the summit, his impression would be that the Alps resembled a village of fifty hovels grouped round a stupendous cathedral.

Fully to appreciate this effect requires a certain familiarity with Alpine scenery, for otherwise the effect produced is a dwarfing of the inferior mountains into pettiness, instead of an exaltation of Mont Blanc into almost portentous magnificence. Grouped around you at unequal distances are a series of white patches, looking like the tented encampments of scattered army corps. Hold up a glove at arms-length, and it will cover the whole of such a group. On the boundless plain beneath (I say "plain," for the greatest mountain system of Europe appears to have subsided into a rather uneven plain) it is a mere spot, a trifling dent upon the huge shield on whose central boss you are placed. But you know, though at first you can hardly realize the knowledge, that that insignificant discoloration represents a whole mountain district. One spot, for example, represents the clustered peaks of the Bernese Oberland; a block as big as a pebble is the soaring Jungfrau, the terrible mother of avalanches; a barely distinguishable wrinkle is the reverse of those snowy wastes of the Blümlis Alp, which seem to be suspended above the terrace of Berne, thirty miles away; and that little whitish streak represents the greatest ice-stream of the Alps, the huge Aletsch glacier, whose monstrous proportions have been impressed upon you by hours of laborious plodding. One patch contains the main sources from which the Rhine descends to the German Ocean; two or three more overlook the Italian plains and encircle the basin of the Po; from a more distant group flows the Danube; and from your feet the snows melt to supply the Rhone. You feel that you are in some sense looking down upon Europe, from Rotterdam to Venice, and from Varna to Marseilles.

The vividness of the impression depends entirely upon the degree to which you can realize the immense size of all these immeasurable details. Now in the morning, the usual time for an ascent, the details are necessarily vague, because the noblest part of the view lies between the sun and the spectator. But in the evening light each ridge and peak and glacier stands out with startling distinctness, and each, therefore, is laden with its weight of old association. There, for example, was the grim Matterhorn: its angular dimensions were of infinitesimal minuteness; it would puzzle a mathematician to say how small a space its image would occupy on his retina; but, within that small space, its form was defined with exquisite accuracy; and we could recognize the precise configuration of the wild labyrinth of rocky ridges up which the earlier adventurers forced their way from the Italian side. And thus we not only knew, but felt, that at our feet was lying a vast slice of the map of Europe. The effect was to exaggerate the apparent height, till the view had about it something portentous and unnatural: it seemed to be such a view as could be granted not even to mountaineers of earthly mould, but rather to some genie from the *Arabian Nights*, flying high above a world tinted with the magical coloring of old romance.

THE NATURE OF THE RINGS OF SATURN.

M. G. A. HIRN, well known for his investigations into the dynamical theory of heat, has published a mathematical memoir on the rings of Saturn, and discussed the various conditions that have been suggested as possibly contributing to maintain the dynamical stability of that system.

Although M. Hirn's results do not materially differ from those already demonstrated by Peirce and Maxwell, yet we recognize the importance of having this additional and perfectly independent investigation of so difficult a subject.

In a recent popular exposition of this subject M. Hirn gives the present state of our knowledge as follows: (1) Solid rings can not exceed a certain size without breaking. (2) Solid homogeneous rings are unstable, and must break up into satellites. (3) Non-homogeneous or weighted solid rings are stable, but must have an enormous (imaginary) strength, and therefore can not be permanent. (4) Gaseous or liquid rings can exist; and such was very probably their original condition; but their existence can be only ephemeral, and they must fall toward and join the planets; if Saturn's rings were once fluid, they must long ago have thus disappeared. (5) The rings can only endure as solid fragments of limited size, and separate from each other.

ATTENTION is directed to the advertisement, in another column, of Messrs. WARNOCK & Co. The EVENING HAT there mentioned seems to supply a need long felt, and is also especially adapted to travelers' use.

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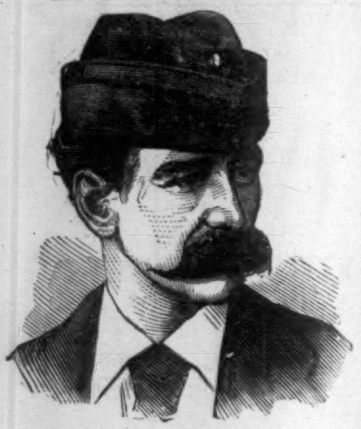

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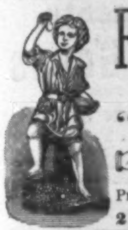

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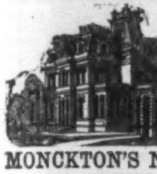

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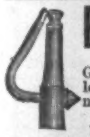

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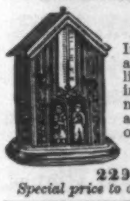

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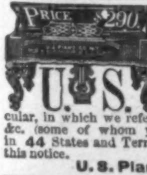

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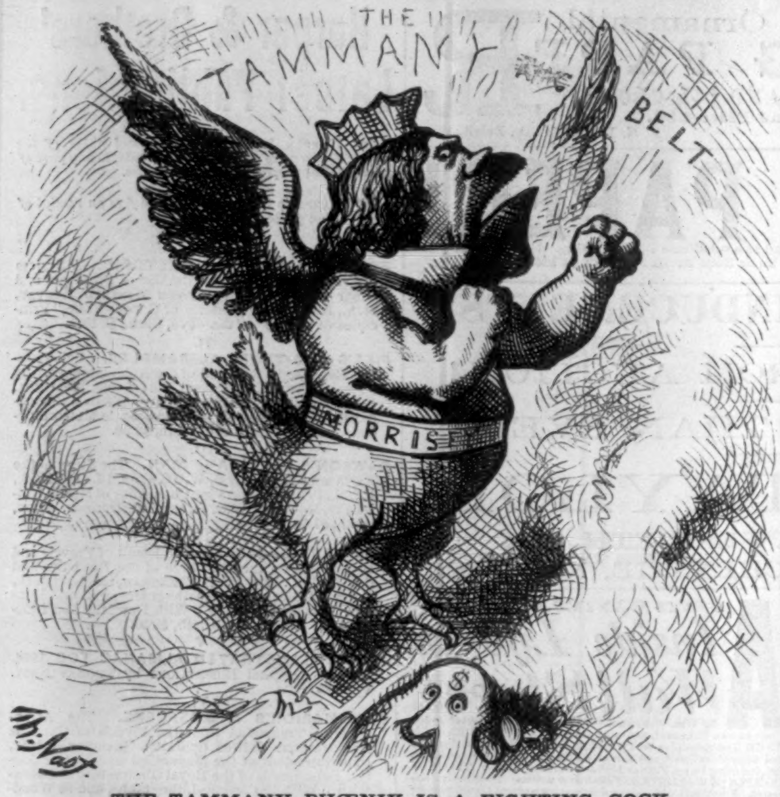

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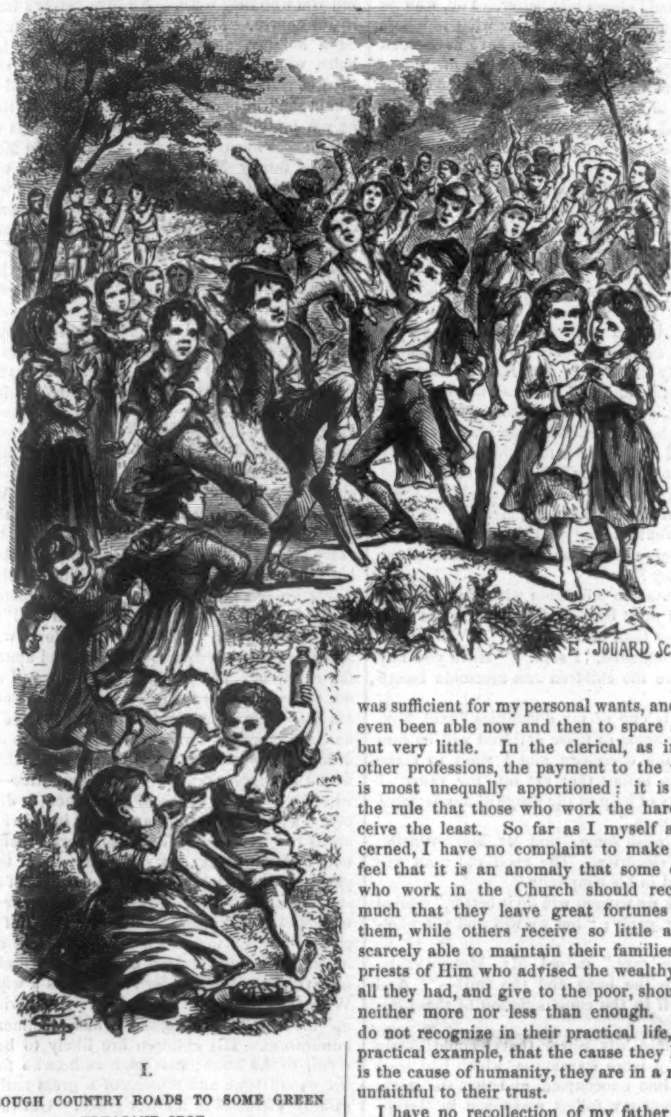
GOLDEN GRAIN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES," "GRIF," "LONDON'S HEART," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."



I.

THROUGH COUNTRY ROADS TO SOME GREEN PLEASANT SPOT.

THIS Christmas I fulfill a purpose which has been in my mind for more than a year. Until now my days and nights have been so much occupied that I have not been able to commence my task. But you will see, by the time you reach the end of these pages—if you have patience to go through them—that I am enjoying a little leisure. The task that I have set myself to perform is both sad and pleasant, and no more fitting time than Christmas could be found for its accomplishment.

Not that it is Christmas at this present moment of writing. But the good season will be here in a month; and when the mistletoe and holly are hanging in cot and mansion, and the hearts of men are beating in harmony, as if one pulse of love and good-will animated them, I hope, with God's blessing, that my little book will be completed, ready for those who care to read what I have written. It may be that certain persons who appear in these pages will be familiar to some of my readers. I hope they will not be the less welcome on that account. To me the story of their lives is fraught with deep and abiding interest.

How sweet the days are!—ay, although it is winter. Happiness comes from within. Grateful hearts can give light and color to the gloomiest hours. But the hours for me are not gloomy, and no effort on my part is required to make them bright. This is the sweetest part of my life, both in itself and in the promise that it holds out. Three days ago I was married. My wife is working in the room in which I am writing. I call her to me.

"Rachel!"

She comes to my side. I hold her hand in mine. I look into her face, which is inclined toward me. She can not see me; she is blind. But she smiles as I gaze at her. She knows the tender thought which impelled me to call her to my side.

I am a clergyman, and my name is Andrew Meadow. My duties lie in one of the most crowded and populous parts of the City, and the stipend I received (for I no longer receive it) in return for my labors was small. Far be it from my intention to make a merit of the fact, but it is necessary that I should mention it. Although I have at times felt myself cruelly hampered for want of means, my stipend was sufficient for my personal wants, and I have even been able now and then to spare a little; but very little. In the clerical, as in many other professions, the payment to the workers is most unequally apportioned: it is almost the rule that those who work the hardest receive the least. So far as I myself am concerned, I have no complaint to make; but I feel that it is an anomaly that some of those who work in the Church should receive so much that they leave great fortunes behind them, while others receive so little as to be scarcely able to maintain their families. The priests of Him who advised the wealthy to sell all they had, and give to the poor, should have neither more nor less than enough. If they do not recognize in their practical life, and by practical example, that the cause they labor in is the cause of humanity, they are in a measure unfaithful to their trust.

I have no recollection of my father; but I have learned to honor his memory. My mother lived until I was eight years of age. She was a simple good woman—sweetly girlish in her manner to the last—and although she is dust, I have not lost her. She dwells in my heart. There is always to my consciousness a strong affinity between good women; in point of feature, voice, or manner, one reminds you of another; and I often see in the face of my wife a likeness to that of my mother. I read these last words to my wife; her face lights up with a new happiness, and she says,

"I am glad; very, very glad!"

My wife knows and approves of the task I am engaged upon.

"It will do good, Andrew," she says; "I am sure it will."

In my heart of hearts I hope so. If ever so little good results from these words of mine, if but a seed is sown, if but a little sympathy is roused to action which otherwise would have lain dormant, I shall be amply repaid.

My wife, like myself, is an orphan; unlike myself, she never knew father or mother. But she had, and has, those who stand to her in that relation. In the house of these dear souls I first met her.

Their name is Silver. The maternal instinct is implanted in the breast of every good woman, and it was a great grief to the Silvers that their union was a barren one; but they turned their sorrow to good use. Childless themselves, they, to the full extent of their means, adopted a family of children, and trained them in such a manner as to make their lives a blessing to them and to those around them. I can not hope to give you an idea of the perfect goodness of the lives of these two dear friends, to whom my present and future happiness is due. I thank God that I know them, and that they account me their friend. Could the example which they have set in their small way and with their small means be followed out on a larger scale, in other places and localities than those in which I labor, a blessing would fall upon the land, and humanity itself would be ennobled. These children, when Mr. and Mrs. Silver adopted them, were babes, unconscious of the perils which lay before them, and only those were selected who had no parents. The time chosen for their adoption was within a week or two of Christmas. They were found in the most miserable courts and alleys in the metropolis; they were surrounded by ignorance, poverty, dirt, and crime. God knows into what form of shame they might have developed, had they been left to grow up in accordance with their surroundings. But a happier fate is theirs. Under the influence of a sweet and wise benevolence they have grown into good and useful men and women, of whom their country may be justly proud.

I made the acquaintance of the Silvers almost as soon as I had entered upon my duties; but circumstances did not bring us together, and I was not very intimate with them until some time afterward. I had heard much of their goodness, for they are loved in the neighborhood; every man and woman has a good word for them.

One memorable day in August, more than four years ago now, I received a note from Mrs. Silver, who lived in Buttercup Square, asking me as a great favor to visit her in the evening, if I had the time to spare. I was glad of the opportunity of seeing something of a household of which I had heard so much good, and from that evening our actual friendship commenced. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Silver and two of their adopted children, Mary and Rachel. They received me cordially, and I felt that I was among friends. I saw that Rachel was blind, and it touched me deeply, at that time and always afterward, to witness their tender thoughtfulness for the dear girl's calamity. Not, I truly believe, that it is a calamity to her. She has been so wisely trained, and has such strong inherent gratitude for the love which is shed upon her, for the blessings by which she is surrounded, that a repining thought never enters her mind. The effect of her grateful nature is shown in the purity of her face, in the modesty of her every movement. Were I a sculptor, it would be my earnest wish to take her face as a model for Purity, and were I talented enough to be faithful in the reproduction, I am sure that my fame would be made.

"These are only two of our children," said Mrs. Silver, after I had shaken hands all round; "we have three more—Ruth and Charley, who took into their heads to fall in love with each other, and are married; and Richard, who is in Canada, and from whom we have received a letter to-day. Ruth has a baby, and she and her husband will be here in half an hour."

"Not the baby, mother!" said Mary.

"No, dear, not the baby. She is only three months old, Mr. Meadow."

"But such a wise little dear!" added Mary. "I do believe she begins to understand already."

Then Mrs. Silver went on to tell me that Mary, the eldest girl—a woman now, indeed, twenty-four years of age—held a responsible position in a government telegraph office; that Charley was a compositor; that Richard was a watch-maker; and that Rachel was as useful as any of them, for she did all the needle-work of the house. Rachel was working a black silk watch-guard for Richard, and it surprised me to see how nimble her fingers were. She was listening intently to every word that passed, and when I first spoke she paused in her work to pay attention to my voice.

"I want you to know exactly all about us," said Mrs. Silver, "and to interest you in us, for I have made up my mind—pray excuse me for it—that you are necessary to our plans. In a word, I wish to enlist you."

Rachel did a singular thing here—something which made a great impression upon me. She left the room, and returned with a small piece of bread dipped in salt. She held the plate toward me.

"Pray eat this piece of bread, Mr. Meadow," she said.

I took the bread and ate it.

"Now, mother," said Rachel, with a satisfied expression, "Mr. Meadow is enlisted."

"Yes," I said, addressing Mrs. Silver; "I am one of your soldiers."

"Ah," rejoined Mrs. Silver; "but I want you to be my captain."

At that moment there was a knock at the street-door.

"That's Mr. Merrywhistle," cried Rachel, running into the passage; and they all turned their faces to the door to welcome a friend.

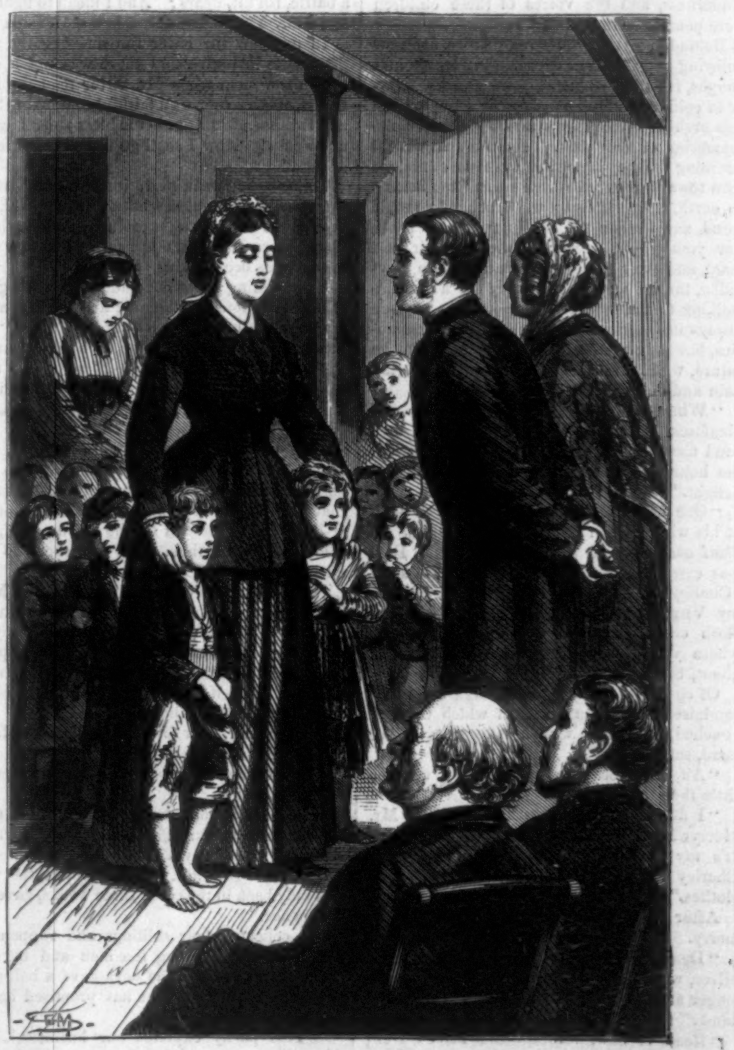
"Rachel knows every knock and every step," observed Mrs. Silver; "she will know you by your step the next time you visit us."

I had heard of Mr. Merrywhistle as a large-hearted, charitable man, and I was pleased to come into closer acquaintanceship with him. He entered with his arm around Rachel's waist. An old man with white hair and a kind eye.

Mrs. Silver was the first to speak. "We have enlisted our curate, Mr. Merrywhistle."

"I knew," he said, as he shook hands with me, "that he had only to be spoken to. I am truly pleased to see you here. Well, children"—turning to the girls—"what is the news?"

The important news was Richard's letter from Canada. Mr. Merrywhistle's face brightened when he heard of it. It was not to be read, however, until Ruth and Charley came in. They arrived earlier than was expected, both of them in a glow of excitement. It was evident that they also had important news to communicate. Ruth, after the first affectionate greetings, went to Rachel's side, and for the rest of the evening the maid and the wife were never apart. A special affection seemed to exist between them. Now that the whole family was assembled, I thought I had never seen a more beautiful group—especially beautiful because the ties that bound them together were made fast by love and esteem. I knew



"THEN WE WILL TAKE THESE LITTLE ONES WITH US."

to whom this was due, and I looked toward Mr. and Mrs. Silver with increased respect and admiration.

The first inquiries were about Ruth's baby. The young mother's enthusiasm in answering the inquiries, and in detailing the wonderful doings of her treasure during the last twenty-four hours, warmed my heart; and when, after a long and almost breathless narration, Ruth exclaimed, "And I really think the darling has a tooth coming!" I thought I had never heard any thing more delicious. As for Mr. Merrywhistle, he rubbed his hands with delight, and took Ruth's hands in his, and rubbed those also, and exclaimed, "Wonderful, wonderful! Really I never did!" a score of times at least. Flushed with pride and pleasure, Ruth, as she spoke, nodded at the others, now wisely, now merrily, now tenderly, with looks which said, "Of all happy mothers, I am the happiest!" Never in my life had I seen so exquisite a home picture.

"And now, Charley," said Ruth, when she had exhausted her budget, although she could have gone through the whole of it again with perfect satisfaction, as if it were something entirely new—"and now, Charley, tell them."

What Charley had to tell was simply that he was to be made overseer of the printing establishment in which he was employed. There was an honest ring in his voice as he spoke of his good fortune, and I was convinced that it had been earned by merit.

"That is good news indeed," said Mr. Merrywhistle, with his hand on Charley's shoulder. "Charley, by the time you are thirty, you will be a master printer. Bravo! bravo!"

Mrs. Silver kissed him without saying a word; and as he drew her face down to his and returned the kiss, and her gray hair mingled with his brown curly locks, he whispered something in her ear which brought a happy sigh from her.

Then came the reading of Richard's letter. Mr. Silver took it from his pocket and opened it, and there was a general rustle of expectation in the room, and a closer drawing together of chairs. He looked around him with a wistful air; the movement reminded him of a time when those who were now men and women grown were children. To this purpose he spoke, in a soft tone, before he commenced to read Richard's letter:

"You remind me, children, you remind me. It brings many happy evenings to my mind. Do you remember *Paul and Virginia* and the *Vicar of Wakefield?*

This challenge loosened their tongues, and for five minutes they were busy recalling refreshing reminiscences. When memories of times that were sweet and pleasant come to us, they come wrapped in a cloud of solemn tenderness, and the voices of these children were pensive as they spoke.

Behind the year whose seasons we are now enjoying is an arch of overhanging leaves and boughs, receding, as it were, and growing fainter in color as old age steals upon us. Within this arch of green leaves and boughs live the memories of our past. As, with a wistful yearning to the days that were so sweet, we turn toward the arch which spans from heaven to earth, it opens, as by the touch of a magic wand, and we see the tender trees that made our young lives green. They are fair and good, and their leaves and branches are dew-laden, though we of whom they are a part are walking to the grave. Some sadness is there always in the mind as we recall these memories, but only to those who believe not in the future, who see no hope in it, do they bring pain and distress.

"When our children were in jackets and pinafores," said Mrs. Silver to me, "my husband used to read to them every evening, and the hour was always looked forward to with delight."

"One night," said Charley, with a sly look at his wife, "when we were in the middle of *Paul and Virginia*, and left off where Paul was carrying Virginia in his arms, Ruth said, 'Charley, you are like Paul!' 'But where's my Virginia?' I asked. '*I'll* be Virginia!' Ruth cried, 'and you can carry me about where you like.' That's the way it came about, Sir."

Of course there was much laughter at this reminiscence, to the truth of which they all vouched, and Ruth, with a saucy toss of her head, said,

"Ah, but there's no doubt that I was too little then to know my own mind."

"I don't know that, Ruth," exclaimed Mr. Merrywhistle, chuckling; "I don't know that. It's my opinion you determined to marry Charley long before you were out of short-clothes."

After this innocent fashion they made merry.

"Dear me, dear me, children," cried Mr. Silver, with assumed petulance, "how much longer am I to wait with Richard's letter in my hand?"

"Read it now, father," said Mrs. Silver; and there was a general hush of expectancy.

The letter was a long one, and in it were recounted all the writer's experiences in the land of his adoption. It was written hopefully and confidently, and yet with modesty, and was filled with expressions of love for the dear ones at home. "Every thing before me is bright, and I have no doubt of the future. Not a day passes that I am not assured that I was right in coming, and the conviction that I have those in the Old Country who love me, and whom I love with all my heart and soul, strengthens me in a wonderful manner. I can see you all as I write, and my heart overflows toward you. Yes, I was right in coming. The Old Country is overcrowded; there are too many people in it, and every man that goes away gives elbow-room to some one else. When I see the comfortable way in which poor people live here, and compare it with the way they live at home—and above all, when I think of the comfortable future there is before them if they like to be steady—I find myself wishing that hundreds and hundreds of those I used to see in rags, selling matches, begging, and going in and out of the gin-shops, could be sent to this country, where there is room for so many millions. I dare say some of them would turn out bad; but the majority of them, when they saw that by a little steadiness they could make sure of good clothes and good food, would be certain to turn out good. I am making myself well acquainted with the history of this wonderful country, and I mean to try hard to get along in it. You can have no idea what a wonderful place it is; what opportunities there are in it; what room there is in it. Why, you could put our right-little tight-little island in an out-of-the-way corner of it, and the space wouldn't be missed! If I make my fortune here—and I believe I shall—I shall know how to use it, with the example I have had before me all my life. I hope to have the opportunity of doing more good here than I should have been able to do at home, and depend upon it I will, if I have it in my power, for I want to repay my dear mother and father for all their goodness to me. Want to repay you! No, my dearest parents, I do not want to do that; I never could do it, if I tried ever so hard. Oh, if I could put my arms now round my dear mother's neck, and kiss her as I used to do! But I can kiss your picture and all your pictures. Here's Mary and Ruth and Rachel—I feel inclined to cry as they pass through my hands—and Charley—How are you, Charley?—Here you are, all of you, with mother and father, lying before me as I write. Upon my word, I fancy you almost know that I'm speaking to you. God bless you, my dears!......I've got ideas, and there's room to work them out in this new country. And one day, when Mary writes to me that she is going to get married, I shall be able to say, perhaps, to my dear sister, 'Here is a purse from runaway Richard to help you and your husband along in the battle of life.' For it is a battle, isn't it, dears? And I mean to fight it, and win. Yes, and win! You'll see if I don't!"

In this way the letter ran on—eagerly, impetuously, lovingly—and there was not a dry eye in the room when Mr. Silver read the last words, "Ever your own faithful and loving Son and Brother, RICHARD. God bless you all again and again! Now I shall go to bed and dream of you."

I am particular in narrating this incident of the reading of Richard's letter, for Richard, although he will not appear in person in these pages, plays an important part in them on one momentous occasion, as you will see.

The reading being concluded, eager tongues related anecdotes of Richard; and, "Do you remember, mother, when Richard—?" and, "Do you remember, Rachel, when we were at Hampstead Heath, and Richard—?" so-and-so and so-and-so. And then, when there was silence, Ruth said, pensively, "I wish Richard could see baby!"

And thus, in various shapes of love, the thoughts of all traveled over the waters to the absent one. I can fancy that the very breezes that waft thitherward, and thence to the mother-land, are sweetened by the loving thoughts which float upon them from one shore to another.

"Mr. Meadow will forgive us," said Mrs. Silver, "for detaining him with these family details. We are apt to be selfish in our joys."

I assured her that I regarded it as a privilege to be admitted to these family confidences, and that I hoped it would not be the last occasion I should share them.

"I hope not, dear Sir," she replied. "Mary, give me my desk."

Mary brought the desk, and took her purse from her pocket.

"I have two contributions, mother. A gentleman came to our office to-day, and when he read the paper they allowed me to put up, he gave me five shillings. Jane Plunkett, too, who has only been in the office three weeks, gave me ninepence."

"I collected four shillings and twopence," said Charley, "among the men and boys in the office. Some of the boys gave a half-penny each; and my master has promised half a sovereign."

"This partly explains our business," said Mrs. Silver to me, "and the reason for my asking you to come this evening. We have been collecting subscriptions for the purpose of taking a number of the poorest children in the parish into the country for a day. Richard sent us two pounds a little while ago to give away, and the idea struck us that it could not be better devoted than to such a purpose. So we commenced a fund with his subscription, and we shall write him a full description of the holiday, telling him that it was he who initiated it. Indeed, we call it Richard's Day. Nothing could please him better. You, who go so much among the poor, know what numbers of poor children there are who have never seen the country, and to whom the sight of flowers and green fields will be like gentle rain to drooping blades of grass."

I noticed here that Mr. Merrywhistle started; but he offered no explanation of his sudden movement.

"Whosoever," I said, "shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, shall in nowise lose his reward."

"Thank you, dear Sir," was Mrs. Silver's earnest rejoinder. "Our reward will be the brightening faces and the innocent delight of these poor little waifs. We have been very successful in our collection, and I think we shall have sufficient money to take a hundred and twenty children. My idea is, that we shall engage vans, and drive as much as possible through country roads to some green pleasant spot, where the children can play, and have dinner and tea. I must tell you that it is only the poorest of the poor who will be chosen, and that in the matter of shoes and stockings there may be here and there a deficiency. But we will endeavor that they shall all have clean faces. Will you join us, and take the command of our ragged army?"

I consented to join them with pleasure, but said that I must be regarded more in the light of a soldier than of a captain. "We can divide the command," I said. "Have you any place where the children can assemble before starting?"

"That is one of my difficulties," said Mrs. Silver. "Some of these children will be sure to come not overclean, and I want to make them clean before they get into the vans. I have plenty of help in the shape of hands, but I want the room."

"I can wash some," said Mr. Merrywhistle, in perfect sincerity. The good old man was like a child in his simplicity.

"I think we women will do it better," replied Mrs. Silver, gayly; "but we will find you plenty to do."

"To be sure," mused Mr. Merrywhistle, "there are the buns and the fruit—" And lost himself in the contemplation of these duties.

I then told Mrs. Silver that I could obtain the use of a large warehouse, which had been for some time unoccupied, and that she might depend upon my fullest assistance in the arrangement of the details. Their pleasure was unbounded, and I myself felt happier and more truly thankful than I had felt for a long time past. I left the house with Mr. Merrywhistle, and he beguiled the way with stories of the doings of these his dearest friends. He was in the heart of an enthusiastic speech, when a poor woman, carrying a child, brushed past us; her head was bent down to the child, and she was murmuring some restful words.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Merrywhistle, suddenly stopping. "You will excuse me, my dear Sir. Good-night! good-night!"

Without waiting for a reply, he shook hands warmly with me, and hurried after the woman. They turned the corner of the street almost at the same moment.

I walked home by myself, and thought of the pleasant evening I had spent. The last words I had heard in the house of the Silvers were from Rachel's lips.

"Good-night," she had said, with her hand in mine. "I am so glad you came."

But she was not more glad than I.

II.

THANK GOD FOR A GOOD BREAKFAST!

IT is not necessary, nor is it within the limit of these pages, to narrate how the details necessary to make the day in the country a success were got through. Sufficient for my purpose to say that every thing was satisfactorily arranged and completed on the evening before the appointed day. The number of applications was very great; ten times as many as we were able to take begged to be allowed to go; mothers entreated; children looked imploringly into our faces. There were many heart-aches, I am sure; but none suffered greater pain than we, the committee upon whom devolved the duty of making the selection. But we gave pleasure to many; and for the others— Would there were more workers! Each can do a little, with time or purse, and that little may prove to be so much! Remember what the strongest and most beautiful trees were, once upon a time. So may a good life be developed even from such a seedling as this.

There was one anxiety which nature alone could allay, if it were kind: the weather. Many a heart beat with mingled hope and fear that night before the day, and many a child's prayer was thought and whispered that the sun would shine its best in the morning. Nature *was* kind, and the sun broke beautifully bright. How we congratulated ourselves, with smiling faces, as we all assembled at seven o'clock in the large warehouse I had borrowed for the occasion! The door was to be opened for the children at half past seven.

I have mentioned the committee. Let me tell you who they were. All Mrs. Silver's family, of course. Mary and Charley had obtained a holiday, and Ruth was there with her baby, whom the fond mother every now and then consulted with bewitching gravity, and to whom she whispered, in the delicious tones that only a mother's voice can convey, all sorts of confidences about the party. I include in Mrs. Silver's family Mr. Merrywhistle, for he was truly one of them. But Mr. Merrywhistle was a member of the selecting committee for only one day; he had been summarily dismissed and deprived of power, because he found it impossible to say No to a single application. "My rock ahead, Sir," he whispered to me, confidentially, when we reproached him. "I never *can* get that word out! I *mean* it often, but there's an imp in my throat that invariably changes it into Yes. I ought to know better at my age." And he shook his head in grave reproof of himself. As Mrs. Silver had warned him, however, we gave him plenty to do. He was unanimously elected chief of the commissariat, and he made himself delightfully busy in the purchase of buns and fruit and lemonade. We were not aware that he was unfit even for this task, until we discovered that he had provided twice as many buns as were necessary. When his blunder was pointed out to him by Mrs. Silver on the ground, he gazed disconsolately at the heap of uneaten buns. "Dear me!" he said, mournfully, "what is to be done with them? I suppose they must be divided among the children. You see, my dear madam, I am not to be trusted—not to be trusted!" But I am sure I detected a sly twinkle in his eye as he condemned his own short-comings. In addition to the persons I have mentioned, there were two other members of the committee—to wit, Mr. Robert Truefit and Mr. James (or Jimmy) Virtue; as singular a contrast in individuals as can well be imagined. Robert Truefit I hold in high esteem. He is a fine, and, I take pleasure in thinking, a fair, representative of the sterling English working-man, with a higher intelligence than is possessed by the majority of his class. He is a married man, with a large and increasing family, and his earnings will probably average a trifle under two pounds a week. With these earnings he supports and 'brings up' his family in a manner which commends admiration. His children are likely to be a credit to the state; it is such as he who form the sound bone and muscle of a great nation. Jimmy Virtue is of a lower grade. Outwardly a cynic, one who sneers at goodness, but who has, to my knowledge, occasionally been guilty of an act of charity. He kept a leaving-shop in one of the worst thoroughfares in the locality where my duties lie. Every thing about him outwardly was unprepossessing; the wrinkles in his face seemed to snarl at you; he had a glass eye, and he was ill-dressed, and ostensibly ill-mannered to those in a better position than himself.

Such was Jimmy Virtue, of whom you will find, as you proceed, some exciting record. You may reasonably ask, How came such a man on your committee? Both Robert Truefit and Mr. Merrywhistle were his friends, and took pleasure in his society. This surprised me at first, but not afterward. I found that, to read his character properly, it was necessary to read between the lines. Having lived among misery-mongers all his life, he was well acquainted with the class from which our children were to be chosen; and, as it proved, his services were most useful to us.

A word about Rachel in connection with the selection. Instances occurred where opinion was divided as to the suitability of candidates; it was our natural desire to choose those who were most deserving, and it was impossible to take them hap-hazard as they presented themselves. Here was a mother with two children, pleading, entreating, imploring that they might be taken. Jimmy Virtue shook his head. Robert Truefit, with a quiet motion, also gave an adverse vote. We—the Silvers and I—were in favor of the applicants, but we felt that the two dissentients were more fitted to judge than we. It seemed that there was something worse than usual against the mother, whose face grew almost wickedly sullen as she observed signs of a refusal in Truefit and Virtue.

"Let Rachel decide," said Mrs. Silver.

We all experienced a feeling of relief at this suggestion. The woman and the children went aside with Rachel, and kept together for fully twenty minutes, while we continued the business of the hour. I, furtively watching the group in the corner of the large room, saw Rachel sit down and take the two miserable children by the hand. Then the woman went toward Rachel, and gradually the sullen expression in her face softened; and shortly afterward she was on her knees by the side of the blind maid, listening and speaking with tears in her eyes. Not a word reached me; but when the interview was ended, Rachel rose and walked toward us with a child on each side of her. Behind her was the mother, hiding her face, as if ashamed of her tears. As Rachel stood before us, looking upward, with her face of purity and goodness, clasping the ragged children to her, a light seemed to fall upon her in my eyes—a light which touched with merciful glance the figure of the wretched mother in the rear.

"I am to decide?" said Rachel, gently and earnestly.

"Yes, my dear."

"Then we will take these little ones with us. They will be very good."

"Very well, my dear."

And their names were put down, and instructions given to the weeping mother. The woman showed no gratitude to us; but as she turned to go, with a lingering look at Rachel, the blind girl held out her hand. The woman seized it, kissed it, and muttered, "God love yer, miss!" We were all satisfied with Rachel's decision. Even Jimmy Virtue shut his useful eye and glared out of his glass one, that being, as I understood the action, the only mode he could find of taking a clear view of the difficulty.

Among those who were chosen were no fewer than seven children maimed and deformed; one could not walk; another used crutches, and proved to be one of the most active of the whole party, much to our surprise, for when he applied he appeared to be very lame indeed. One little fellow presented himself without a guardian; he was about six years of age, and had the largest and roundest eyes I ever saw in a child. To all our questions about his parents he gave no answer; he only stared at us.

"What is your name?"

He found his tongue. "Jacky Brown."

"And what do you want?"

"I wants to 'ave a ride, and see a lot o' trees."

"Who told you to come to us?"

"Old Rookey."

"And what did Old Rookey tell you to say?"

"Old Rookey ses, he ses, You go, Jacky, and arks 'em to take yer to 'ave a ride and see the trees. And old Rookey ses, he ses, Don't you come away, Jacky, till they puts your name down."

Who Old Rookey was we were unable to discover. Jimmy Virtue recognized the child, and told us his mother was in prison, and that he didn't know how the little fellow lived. There was something so interesting about Jacky that we promised to take him. We wrote instructions on a piece of paper, and gave it to him, telling him to give it to Old Rookey.

"You must come very clean, Jacky."

"I'll tell Old Rookey," he said. "He knows wot's wot."

Long before half past seven o'clock on the holiday morning the children and their friends began to arrive. The committee of selection had given them to understand that they were to have breakfast before they came. At the back of the warehouse was a recess screened off by sacks hung over a line, in which were ample supplies of water, soap, and towels; and the girls were ready to do the washing, with their sleeves tucked up and aprons on to save their dresses. The process was this: we, the men, stood at the door and received the visitors, taking their names and otherwise identifying them, so that no deceit should be practiced. Each child, as he established his right of entrance, was passed into the room, where, if he were not clean and tidy, he was made so, as far as possible, by the women. Some of them, I must admit, required washing badly; but when the work was done, and the children stood in line along the benches, their bright, eager faces and restless limbs formed a picture which dwelt vividly in my mind for a long time afterward. Jacky Brown was very punctual, and, contrary to our expectation, very clean. We looked for some person answering to the description we had formed of Old Rookey, but we were not successful in finding him. Jacky had something to say to us.

"Old Rookey ses, he ses, you'll open yer eyes when yer sees me."

And Jacky pointed to his well-polished face and held out his clean hands. We thought we would improve the occasion.

"We are very pleased with you, Jacky. It's much nicer to be clean than dirty, isn't it?"

But Jacky was dubious.

"It gets inter yer eyes, and 'urts," he said. Soap was evidently a disagreeable novelty to him.

Mrs. Silver and the girls were putting on their bonnets and getting ready for the start, when a serious innovation in our programme occurred. The guilty person was one of the most esteemed members of our own body.

"Children," exclaimed Mr. Merrywhistle, suddenly stepping in front of them, "have you had breakfast?"

A mighty shout arose of "No!" but whether those who gave evidence were witnesses of truth I dare not venture to say.

"Then you shall have some," cried Mr. Merrywhistle, with a triumphant look at us; but there was conscious guilt in his gaze.

The "hoorays!" that were sent forth in voices shrill and gruff formed a fine pæan certainly, but scarcely recompensed us at the moment for the loss of time. But it all turned out splendidly. Mr. Merrywhistle had planned his artifice skillfully, and, in less than seven minutes, buns and hot milk in mugs were in the hands of every member of our ragged crew. The moment we found we were compromised, we rushed to assist, and (although we were sure we were wrong in encouraging the traitor) we shook hands heartily with Mr. Merrywhistle, whose beaming face would have been sufficient excuse for fifty such innovations. I am not certain that, when the children were served, Ruth and Rachel did not take the good old fellow behind the screen of sacks where the washing had been done, and kiss him; for he came forth from that recess with an arm round the waist of each of the girls, and with his face beaming more brightly than ever.

In the middle of breakfast the vans rattled up to the door; they were decorated with bright ribbons and flags, and the drivers had flowers in their coats; the very horses wore rosettes. There were five vans, and they presented so gay an appearance that the street was filled with sight-gazers. Immediately the vans drew up—which they did smartly, as if they knew what they were about, and that this was a day of days—the children paused from their eating to give vent to another cheer, and another, and another. Their faces flushed, their little hands trembled, their restless limbs shifted and danced, and took part in the general animation. As for ourselves— Well, we paused also, and smiled at each other, and Ruth held baby's face to Charley to kiss.

"A fine sermon this, Sir," said Robert Truefit to me.

"Indeed, indeed," I assented. "Better than any that tongue can preach."

There was no need to tell the children to hurry with their meal; they were too eager to be on the road.

"Now, children, have you finished?"

"Yes, Sir! Yes, marm! Yes, miss!"

"Then thank God for a good breakfast!"

The simple thanksgiving was uttered by all with earnest meaning. Then out they trooped to the vans, the sight-gazers in the street waving their arms and hats at us. The deformed children were placed in advantageous positions, so that they could see the roads through which we were to drive, and were given into the charge of other children, who promised to take care of them; Jacky Brown had a seat on the box; we took our places on the vans; the drivers looked seriously at their reins; the horses shook their heads; and all was ready. If I had the space at my command, and were gifted with the power, what scenes I could describe here of mothers, sisters, friends, who showed their gratitude to us in various ways as we prepared to start! Not all of them as low as by their outward presence you would judge them to be. Written history—notwithstanding that we pin our faith to it, that we pride ourselves upon it, that we strive to shape our ends according to its teaching—is to unwritten history, in its value of example, as a mole-hill to a mountain; even the written history of great national conflicts, which strew the cornfields with dead and dying, upon whom we throw that sham halo called Glory, as compared with the unwritten history of courts and alleys, which we push out of sight with cruel carelessness.

III.

THEY LISTENED WITH ALMOST BREATHLESS ATTENTION TO EVERY WORD THAT FELL FROM HER LIPS.

AND so, with our mud-larks and street Arabs, we rode out of the busy city, away from the squalid walls, in the shadow of which the bad lessons which led naturally to bad lives are graven on the hearts of the helpless young. It was the end of August, and the corn was being cut. The children sniffed the sweet-smelling air, and asked one another if it wasn't prime. Every turn of the road through which we gayly trotted opened new wonders to our ragged crew; and we were kept busy answering the torrent of questions that were poured upon us. What's that? A field of clover. Three cheers for the clover! Fields of barley, wheat, oats, all were cheered for lustily. What's them fellers diggin' up? Potatoes. Hurra for the taters! Halloo! here's a bank of lavender filling the air with fragrance. Most of the children were noisy in their expressions of delight; but a few sat still, staring in solemn wonder. The golden corn which the scythe had not yet touched—how it bowed and waved and whispered in the breeze that lightly swept across it! How few of the uncultured children could be made to understand that bread—to them so scarce and precious—was made from these golden wavelets! A windmill! Another! The huge fans sailed slowly round. "Here," we said, "the corn is ground to flour." "Wonder what makes the flour so white!" whispered a mud-lark to his mate; "'t ought to be yaller." Now we were driving along a narrow lane, between hedges; the sounds of music came from our rear. I stood up and looked. Some twenty or thirty yards behind the last van was a spring-cart, with a band of musicians in it. What cheers the children gave for "the musicianers!" Their cup of happiness was full to the brim. I caught Mr. Merrywhistle's eye: it fell guiltily beneath my gaze; but as I smiled with grateful approval at him, he brightened up, and rubbed his hands joyously. Every popular air that the musicians played was taken up by a full chorus of voices. Here and there, along the country roads, housewives and children came out to look at us. There was a greeting for all of them from our noisy youngsters, and they greeted us in return. One woman threw a shower of apples into the vans, and received in return the acknowledgment, "Bravo, missis! You're a good sort, you are!" At half past ten we reached our destination—a very pretty spot, with a wood adjacent, and a meadow to play in. Every thing had been judiciously arranged, and, marshaling the children, we acquainted them with the programme. They were free for two hours to do as they pleased. They might play their games where they liked, in forest or meadow. The band would play in the meadow. But a promise was to be exacted from them. They were to be kind to every living creature they came across; they were to kill nothing. Would they promise? "Yes, Sir; yes, marm; yes, miss! We won't 'urt nothink!" Very well, then. In two hours the horn would sound, three times. Like this. Listen. The musician who played the horn gave the signal. When they heard that again they would know that dinner was ready; they were not to go too far away, else they would not hear it, and would lose their dinner. "No fear, master!" they shouted. "Let's give three cheers," one of them cried. "And look 'ere. The boys fust, and the gals arterward." So the cheers were given as directed, and the boys laughed heartily at the girls' piping voices. "Now, then, you all understand— But stop! what is this?" Here was Mr. Merrywhistle again, with another of his triumphantly guilty looks, introducing new features into the programme. Two of the biggest boys were carrying a trunk toward us, and when it was opened, out came balls, and traps and bats, and rounder-sticks, and kites, and battledoors and shuttlecocks, and skipping-ropes. The shout that arose as these things were given out was mightier than any that had preceded it, as the boys and girls, like wild birds released from prison, rushed off with their treasures.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Silver, with the kindest of looks toward Mr. Merrywhistle, "there is no reclaiming you."

"I'm too old, I'm too old," he replied, deprecatingly. "I hope you don't mind."

Mind! Why, he had done just the very things that we had forgotten, and the very best things too, to keep the youngsters out of mischief. We had plenty to do. Here and there was a solitary one, who knew nobody in all that wild band, wandering by himself, and casting wistful glances at the other children who were playing. Here was a little fellow who had lost his brother, crying lustily. Here was a shy, timid girl, absolutely without a friend. All these human strays—strays even among the forlorn crew of youngsters who were tasting a pure enjoyment for the first time in their lives—we collected together and formed into bands, instructing them how to play, and taking part in their games until they were sufficiently familiarized with each other to get along without help. The children who were unable to run about we arranged comfortably together in a place where they had a clear view of the sports. Rachel, by tacit consent, took this group under her care; and not long afterward I saw her seated in the midst of them, and heard her telling them, in admirable language and with admirable tact, the best of those fairy stories which delighted our childhood's days. Blind as Rachel was, she could see deeper into these children's hearts than we. They listened with almost breathless attention to every word that fell from her lips—and every word was sweet—and saw the scenes she painted, and learned the lessons she taught. Among all our children there was no happier group than this over which she presided; and many whose limbs were straight and strong approached the deformed group, and listened in delight and wonder. During the whole of that day I noticed how the most forlorn and friendless of the children congregated about Rachel. Perhaps they saw in her blindness something akin to their own condition, and eyes that might have been mournful grew soft and tender beneath the influence of her sightlessness and kindly help. One of the most favorite pastimes of the day was dancing to the music of the band. Such dancing! Girls went round and round in the waltz with a solemn enjoyment in their faces most wonderful to witness; boys, more demonstrative, executed amazing steps, and flung their arms and their legs about in an extraordinary manner. There were two champion dancers—boys of about twelve years of age—whose capers and comicalities attracted large audiences. These boys, by some means, had secreted about their persons two immense pairs of "nigger" shoes, which were now tied on to their feet. They danced, they sang, they asked conundrums of each other with amusing seriousness; and I was privately and gravely informed that they intended to become negro minstrels, and were saving up to buy a banjo. Dinner-time came, and the horn was blown. Such a scampering never was seen, and dull eyes lightened, and bright eyes grew brighter, at the sight of the well-stocked tables. If it were necessary, I could vulgarize this description by mention of certain peculiarities—forms of expression and such like—which existed among our guests; but it is not necessary. No one's enjoyment was marred, and every youngster at our tables was perfectly happy. The children stood while I said grace. I said but a very few words, and that the brevity of the grace was appreciated was evidenced by a remark I overheard. "That's proper! I thort the parson-chap was goin' to pray for a hour." The children ate very heartily, and here and there, with the younger ones, we had to exercise a salutary check. But the older boys and girls were beyond our control. "Tuck away, Sal!" cried one. "It 'll be all over to-morrer!" When the children—dinner being finished—were at play again, we had a little leisure. Mrs. Silver, seated on a bench, looked around upon her family and friends, and said, with a satisfied smile,

"I really am tired, my dears."

IV.

FOR MERCY'S SAKE, TELL ME! WHOSE VOICE WAS IT I HEARD JUST NOW?

I ALSO was tired. I had been up very late three nights during the week, and on the night previous to this day I had had only four hours' sleep. Glad of the opportunity to enjoy a little quietude, I strolled from where the children and my friends were congregated, and walked toward the rise of a hill, on the other side of which was a wooded knoll, where I supposed I should be quite alone. There it was my intention to stretch myself, and rest for fully half an hour by my watch.

The day had continued gloriously fine, and there was no sign of change. I had much to think about. An event of great importance in my private history was soon to take place, and I knew it, and was only waiting for the time. It made me sad to think that when that time came I should probably lose a friend—not an ordinary friend, but one to whom I owed my education and my present position. It will find record in its proper place, however, and needs no further reference here. I had mounted the hill, and was descending toward the clump of trees, when I saw, at a little distance, three persons sitting on the ground. One of them I knew. It was Mr. Merrywhistle, and he was attending to the wants of a very poorly dressed girl, who was eating her dinner, which it was evident Mr. Merrywhistle had brought to her from the tables. There was a large quantity of wild flowers by the girl's side, which I judged she had gathered during the day, and in the midst of these flowers sat a child between two and three years of age, toward whom the girl directed many a look of full-hearted love. The face of the child fixed my attention; it was a dull, pale, mournful face, and there was an expression of weariness in the eyes which hurt me to see.

To detect Mr. Merrywhistle in an act of kindness did not surprise me; and yet I wondered how it was that he was here, in a certain sense clandestinely, with this poor girl, who had the look of the London streets upon her. Not wishing, however, to disturb the group, I walked slowly in the opposite direction; the conformation of the hill favored me, so that I was very soon hidden from their sight, although really I was but a very few yards from them. I threw myself upon the ground, my thoughts dwelling upon the scene of which I had been an unseen witness. It struck me as strange that Mr. Merrywhistle and this poor girl were evidently well acquainted with one another; their familiar bearing convinced me of that. Then by what singular chance was it, or was it by chance at all, that they had met here in this sweet spot, so far away from her natural haunts? For there was no mistaking the type to which this poor girl belonged; it can be seen, multiplied and multiplying, in all our crowded cities, but not in country places such as this in which we held our holiday. Could this be the same girl and child, I asked myself, whom Mr. Merrywhistle followed when he left me so abruptly on the night we walked together from Mrs. Silver's house? But presently my thoughts wandered to more refreshing themes. The many beautiful pictures of sweet charity and unselfishness I had witnessed this day came before me again, and I thanked God that my country held such noble specimens of true womanhood as Mrs. Silver, Mary, Ruth, and Rachel. And then, knowing full well the history of these girls, I contrasted their present lives with that of the poor girl in Mr. Merrywhistle's company. In the midst of my musings, and while I was contemplating the picture (to which my thoughts had wandered) of Rachel standing before us, as she had stood three days ago, with a child on each side of her, and the weeping mother behind—as I was contemplating this picture, and weaving idealisms about it, the sound of a harsh voice reached me, and dissolved my fancies. I recognized the voice immediately—it belonged to Jimmy Virtue, and it came from the direction where Mr. Merrywhistle and the poor girl were. Not quite trusting Jimmy Virtue, as I did not at that time, I rose to my feet, and walked toward the group, the disposition of which was now completely changed. The girl was standing in a half-frightened, half-defiant attitude, pressing her child to her breast; in the eager haste with which she had snatched the child from the ground, she had clutched some wild flowers, and these were trailing to her feet; Jimmy Virtue, with head inclined, was holding up an angry finger; and Mr. Merrywhistle, with an expression of pain and distress on his features, seemed by his attitude to be mediating between them. The girl was the first to see me, and she turned to fly, as if every human face she saw were a new terror to her, or as if in me she recognized a man to be avoided. I hastened to her side, and laid my hand on her arm. With a convulsive shiver, but without a word and without resistance, she bowed her head to her baby's neck, and cowered to the ground, like a frightened animal. And there she crouched, a poor forlorn thing, ragged, defiant, panting, fearing, with the world sitting in judgment upon her.

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Bear with me a little while. The memories connected with this poor girl fill my heart to overflowing. They belong not only to her and her mournful history; she is but one of many who are allowed to drift as the careless days glide by. If you do not enter into my feelings, bear with me, I pray.

And I must not flinch. To be true unto others, you must be true to yourself. My conscience, no less than my heart, approves of the course I pursued with reference to certain passages in this girl's career. Many who hold a high place in the world's esteem will differ from me, I know; some who look with self-righteous eyes upon certain bad features in the lower social life of the people, and whose belief inclines them to touch not lest they be defiled, will condemn me because I did not, from the very first, attempt to turn this girl's heart with prayer, believing themselves in its full efficacy for all forms of trouble. But let them consider that this girl-woman was already grown to strength; veined in her veins were hurtful fibres which once might have been easily removed, but which, by force of surrounding circumstance, were now so deeply rooted in her nature that they could only be weakened by patience, forbearance, tender handling, and some exercise of wise benevolence. Here was a mind to be dealt with utterly ignorant of those teachings the following out of which renders life healthful and pleasant to contemplate; but here, at the same time, was a hungry stomach to be dealt with—a hungry stomach continually crying out, continually craving, which no words of prayer could satisfy. And I, a clergyman, who preach God's Word in full belief, and believe fully in His mercy and goodness, say to those who condemn for this reason, that words of prayer—otherwise lip-worship, and outward observances according to set forms—are, alone and in themselves, valueless and unacceptable in the eyes of God. Self-accusation, self-abasement, pleadings for mercy, unaccompanied by good deeds, go for naught. A merciful action, a kindly impulse practically acted upon—these are the prayers which are acceptable in His eyes.

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I looked around for an explanation.

"Ah," exclaimed Jimmy Virtue, threateningly, "'ere's the parson. He'll tell you whether you're right or wrong."

A proof that I, the parson, had been set up by Jimmy Virtue as a man to be feared. It was natural that the poor girl should shrink from my touch. Mr. Merrywhistle drew me aside.

"It is all my fault," he said, in a tone of great emotion. "I smuggled her here."

"How did she come?" I asked. "She was not in any of the vans."

"I smuggled her in the cart that brought the provisions, and I bade the driver not to come too close to us, for fear poor Blade-o'-Grass should be discovered and sent back."

"Poor who?"

"Blade-o'-Grass. That's the only name she has. It came into my mind the first night I saw you in Mrs. Silver's house. Mrs. Silver, you remember, was telling you the plan of this holiday, and was saying that you, who go so much among the poor, knew that there were numbers of poor children who had never seen the country, and that the sight of flowers and green fields would be to them like gentle rain to drooping blades of grass."

"I remember well."

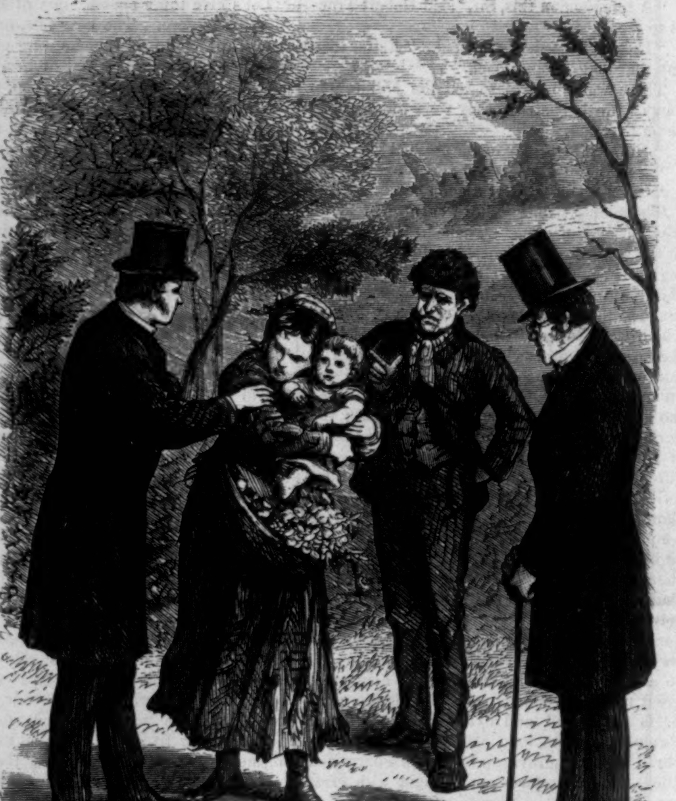
"I don't know if Mrs. Silver used the expression purposely, but I thought immediately of this poor girl, whom every body roundabout Stony Alley, where she lives, knows as Blade-o'-Grass, and I thought what a fine thing it would be for her if I could smuggle her here with her baby, so that she might enjoy a day in the country, which she never set eyes on until now. She danced for joy, Sir—yes, Sir, she did—when I asked her if she would like to come. And she has enjoyed herself so much, and has kept out of the way, according to my instructions. See, Mr. Meadow, she has been gathering wild flowers, and has been talking and singing to her baby in a way it has made me glad to hear. Poor girl! poor girl! I have known her from a child, and, if you will forgive me for saying it, I think I almost love her. Although she has always stood in her own light—always, always! It was wrong of me to bring her here, but I did it for the best. I have been told often I was doing wrong when I have foolishly thought I was doing good."

"You have done no wrong," I said, emphatically, "in bringing that poor girl here. I honor you for it. And now tell me what has occurred to spoil her pleasure, and what is the cause of Mr. Virtue's anger."

"Why, you see, Mr. Meadow, that Jimmy Virtue, of whose rough manners you must not take any notice—you must not judge harshly of him because of them—has taken a liking to the girl."

"Well?"

"He has been kind to her, I feel certain, though you'll never get him to acknowledge it—indeed, he'll tell you fibs to your face without ever a blush—and he has been trying for a long time to persuade her to come and live with him. She has persistently refused, and now he is angry with her. He is an old man, and a lonely man, and he feels it, perhaps; but, anyhow, it is as much for her good as his that he makes the offer. He says he will look upon her as a daughter, and it would be better for her than her present lot."



"SHE BOWED HER HEAD TO HER BABY'S NECK."

"Why does she refuse?"

Mr. Merrywhistle hesitated.

"Tell me all," I said, "plainly and without disguise."

"Well, Mr. Meadow, nothing on earth can induce her to leave Tom Beadle."

"Who is he? What is he?"

"He is a thief, and the father of her child."

Mr. Merrywhistle's voice trembled from sadness as he spoke these words. I understood it all now. To my grief, I knew what would be the answer to my next question; but it must be asked and answered.

"Is she married?"

"No."

We were but a few paces from Jimmy Virtue and Blade-o'-Grass, and our conversation had been carried on in a low tone. I turned toward them. Jimmy Virtue, in a heat, was wiping his glass eye. Blade-o'-Grass had not stirred from her crouching attitude. She might have been carved in stone, so motionless had she remained, and to discover any signs of life in her you would have had to put your head down to her beating heart. So she cowered among the wild flowers, with sweet breezes about her, with beautiful clouds above her.

"Now, parson," said Jimmy Virtue, in a menacing tone, "per'aps you'll tell that gal whether she's right or wrong!"

"I must first know," I said, striving to induce gentleness in him by speaking gently myself, "what it is I am to give an opinion upon."

"I know that. Mind you, I ain't overfond o' parsons as a rule, and I ain't overfond o' words, unless there's a reason for 'em. You see that gal there—she's a pretty article to look at, ain't she? Judge for yourself; you can tell pretty well what she is by 'er clothes and 'er babby, though she does 'ide her face. She's not so bad as you might make her out to be, that I must say; for I ain't a-goin' to take advantage of 'er. But you may make 'er out precious bad, what with one thing and another, and not be far wrong arter all. She's got no 'ome to speak of; she's got no clothes to speak of; she's got no babby that she's got a right to. Well, I orfer that gal a 'ome in my leavin' shop. I say to 'er, You can come and live along o' me, and I'll look arter you like a daughter; and I would, for I'm a man o' my word, though my word don't amount to much. Now what does she say, that gal, as couldn't lay 'er 'and on a 'arf a crown as she's got a right to, if it was to save 'er life—what does she say to my orfer? She says, No, and says as good as I'll see you further fust. Now, tell 'er whether she's right or wrong—tell 'er once and for all. You're a parson, and she'll believe you, per'aps."

I beckoned him away, for I knew that his harsh tones no less than his words hurt the girl.

"Our mutual friend, Mr. Merrywhistle—" I said.

"That's right; our muchel friend, Mr. Merrywhistle. Though he's too soft-'earted, mind you! I've told 'im so a 'underd times."

"Has made me acquainted with some part of this poor girl's story. Don't speak so loudly and so angrily. She hears every word you say."

"I know that," he growled. "She's got the cunnin' of a fox."

"And, after all, she has a right to choose for herself; you can have no real claim upon her."

"She ain't got no right," he said, vehemently, "to choose for 'erself, and if I ain't got no claim on 'er, I'd like to know who 'as! I've knowed 'er from the time as she was a babby. She growed up almost under my eyes. She's played on my door-step when she was a little un, and 'as been shoved off it many and many a time. I knowed 'er mother—I knowed 'er father, the mean thief! as run away afore she was born. No claim! Ain't that no claim, I'd like to know? And don't I know what she'll come to if she goes on much longer as she's a-goin' on now? It's a-comin' to the end, I tell you, and I want to stop it! Why, Tom Beadle, the man as she's a"—I put my finger to my lips, out of compassion for the poor girl—"the man as she ain't married to, was took up this mornin' by the peelers afore my very eyes"—I caught his wrist, and pointing to Blade-o'-Grass, stopped his further speech. A moan came from the girl's lips, a shiver passed over her form, like a despairing wave. She struggled to her feet, and throwing her hair from her eyes, looked distractedly about her.

"Oh, why did I come?" she cried. "Why did I come? Which is the road to London?"

And she ran a few steps wildly, but I ran after her and stopped her. She struggled to escape from me.

"Let me go!" she beseeched. "Let me go! I want to git to London! I must git there at once! Oh, Tom! Tom!"

"You would not get there to-night," I said; "it is eighteen miles away. You would never be able to walk so far with your baby. You must wait and go with us; we shall start in an hour."

She shrank from my grasp and moaned upon the ground, and pressed her child closer to her bosom, with sighs and sobs and broken words of desolation.

"Oh, baby! baby! baby! Tom's took up agin! What shall we do? Oh, what shall we do?"

Something like a vapor passed over my mind as the wail of this desolate girl fell upon my ear. I seemed to recognize in its tones something akin to the fond accents of a happier mother than she. I did not like to think of the resemblance, and I tried to shake off the impression that had stolen upon me; but it remained with me. It was in vain that I attempted to console Blade-o'-Grass; she paid no heed to my words. I was a stranger to her then.

"Your news is true?" I said to Jimmy Virtue.

"As I was comin' to the room this mornin'," he replied, "I saw Tom Beadle with the peeler's grip on 'im, and the peeler told me he was wanted agin."

"What for?"

"The old thing—pickin' pockets."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(Continued from No. 881, page 979.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

Author of "Pelham," "The Caxtons," "The Last of the Barons," "My Novel," "The Coming Race," etc., etc.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

CHAPTER VIII.

When the news of the disastrous day at Sedan reached Paris, the first effect was that of timid consternation. There were a few cries of *Déchéance!* fewer still of *Vive la République!* among the motley crowds; but they were faint, and chiefly by ragged *gamins*. A small body repaired to Trochu and offered him the sceptre, which he politely declined. A more important and respectable body—for it comprised the majority of the *Corps Législatif*—urged Palikao to accept the temporary dictatorship, which the War Minister declined with equal politeness. In both these overtures it was clear that the impulse of the proposers was toward any form of government rather than republican. The *sergens de ville* were sufficient that day to put down riot. They did make a charge on a mob, which immediately ran away.

The morning of that day the Council of Ten were summoned by Lebeau—*minus* only Rameau, who was still too unwell to attend, and the Belgian, not then at Paris; but their place was supplied by the two traveling members, who had been absent from the meeting before recorded. These were conspirators better known in history than those I have before described; professional conspirators—personages who from their youth upward had done little else but conspire. Following the discreet plan pursued elsewhere throughout this humble work, I give their names other than they bore. One, a very swarthy and ill-favored man, between forty and fifty, I call Paul Grimm—by origin a German, but by rearing and character French; from the hair on his head, staring up rough and ragged as a bramble-bush, to the soles of small narrow feet, shod with dainty care, he was a personal coxcomb, and spent all he could spare on his dress. A clever man, not ill-educated—a vehement and effective speaker at a club. Vanity and an amorous temperament had made him a conspirator, since he fancied he interested the ladies more in that capacity than any other. His companion, Edgar Ferrier, would have been a journalist, only hitherto his opinions had found no readers; the opinions were those of Marat. He rejoiced in thinking that his hour for glory, so long deferred, had now arrived. He was thoroughly sincere: his father and grandfather had died in a mad-house. Both these men, insignificant in ordinary times, were likely to become of terrible importance in the crisis of a revolution. They both had great power with the elements that form a Parisian mob. The instructions given to these members of the council by Lebeau were brief: they were summed up in the one word, *Déchéance*. The formidable nature of a council apparently so meanly constituted became strikingly evident at that moment, because it was so small in number, while each one of these could put in movement a large section of the populace; secondly, because, unlike a revolutionary club or a numerous association, no time was wasted in idle speeches, and all were under the orders of one man of clear head and resolute purpose; and thirdly, and above all, because one man supplied the treasury, and money for an object desired was liberally given and promptly at hand. The meeting did not last ten minutes, and about two hours afterward its effects were visible. From Montmartre and Belleville and Montretout poured streams of *ouvriers*, with whom Armand Monnier was a chief, and the *Médecin des Pauvres* an oracle. Grimm and Ferrier headed other detachments that startled the well-dressed idlers on the Boulevards. The stalwart figure of the Pole was seen on the Place de la Concorde, towering amidst other refugees, amidst which glided the Italian champion of humanity. The cry of *Déchéance* became louder. But as yet there were only few cries of *Vive la République*—such a cry was not on the orders issued by Lebeau. At midnight the crowd round the hall of the *Corps Législatif* is large: cries of *La Déchéance* loud—a few cries, very feeble, of *Vive la République!*

What followed on the 4th—the marvelous audacity with which half a dozen lawyers belonging to a pitiful minority in a Chamber elected by universal suffrage walked into the Hôtel de Ville, and said, "The republic is established, and we are its government"—history has told too recently for me to narrate. On the evening of the 5th the Council of Ten met again: the Pole; the Italian radiant; Grimm and Ferrier much excited and rather drunk; the *Médecin des Pauvres* thoughtful; and Armand Monnier gloomy. A rumor has spread that General Trochu, in accepting the charge imposed on him, has exacted from the government the solemn assurance of respect for God, and for the rights of Family and Property. The atheist is very indignant at the assent of the government to the first proposition; Monnier equally indignant at the assent to the second and third. What has that honest *ouvrier* conspired for—what has he suffered for—of late nearly starved for—but to marry another man's wife, getting rid of his own, and to legalize a participation in the property of his employer? And now he is no better off than before. "There must be another revolution," he whispers to the atheist.

"Certainly," whispers back the atheist; "he who desires to better this world must destroy all belief in another."

The conclave was assembled when Lebeau entered by the private door. He took his place at the head of the the table, and, fixing on the group eyes that emitted a cold gleam through the spectacles, thus spoke:

"Messieurs, or Citoyens, which ye will—I no longer call ye *confrères*—you have disobeyed or blundered my instructions. On such an occasion disobedience and blunder are crimes equally heinous."

Angry murmurs.

"Silence! Do not add mutiny to your other offenses. My instructions were simple and short. Aid in the abolition of the empire. Do not aid in any senseless cry for a republic or any other form of government. Leave that to the Legislature. What have you done? You swelled the crowd that invaded the *Corps Législatif*. You, Dombinsky, not even a Frenchman, dare to mount the president's rostrum, and brawl forth your senseless jargon. You, Edgar Ferrier, from whom I expected better, ascend the tribune, and invite the ruffians in the crowd to march to the prisons and release the convicts; and all of you swell the mob at the Hôtel de Ville, and inaugurate the reign of folly by creating an oligarchy of lawyers to resist the march of triumphal armies. Messieurs, I have done with you. You are summoned for the last time: the council is dissolved."

With these words Lebeau put on his hat, and turned to depart. But the Pole, who was seated near him, sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "Traitor, thou shalt not escape! Comrades, he wants to sell us!"

"I have a right to sell *you*, at least, for I bought you, and a very bad bargain I made," said Lebeau, in a tone of withering sarcasm.

"Liar!" cried the Pole, and seized Lebeau by the left hand, while with the right he drew forth a revolver. Ferrier and Grimm, shouting, "*A bas le renégat!*" would have rushed forward in support of the Pole, but Monnier thrust himself between them and their intended victim, crying, with a voice that dominated their yell, "Back!—we are not assassins." Before he had finished the sentence the Pole was on his knees. With a vigor which no one could have expected from the seeming sexagenarian, Lebeau had caught the right arm of his assailant, and twisted it back so mercilessly as almost to dislocate elbow and shoulder joint. One barrel of the revolver discharged itself harmlessly against the opposite wall, and the pistol itself then fell from the unnerved hand of the would-be assassin; and what with the pain and the sudden shock, the stalwart Dombinsky fell in the attitude of a suppliant at the feet of his unlooked-for vanquisher.

Lebeau released his hold, possessed himself of the pistol, pointing the barrels toward Edgar Ferrier, who stood with mouth agape and lifted arm arrested, and said, quietly, "Monsieur, have the goodness to open that window." Ferrier mechanically obeyed. "Now, hireling," continued Lebeau, addressing the vanquished Pole, "choose between the door and the window." "Go, my friend," whispered the Italian. The Pole did not utter a word; but rising nimbly, and rubbing his arm, stalked to the door. There he paused a moment, and said, "I retire overpowered by numbers," and vanished.

"Messieurs," resumed Lebeau, calmly, "I repeat that the council is dissolved. In fact, its object is fulfilled more abruptly than any of us foresaw, and by means which I at least had been too long out of Paris to divine as possible. I now see that every aberration of reason is possible to the Parisians. The object that united us was the fall of the empire. As I have always frankly told you, with that object achieved, separation commences. Each of us has his own crotchet, which differs from the other man's. Pursue yours as you will—I pursue mine—you will find Jean Lebeau no more in Paris: *il s'efface. Au plaisir, mais pas au revoir.*"

He retreated to the masked door and disappeared.

Marc le Roux, the porter, or *custos*, of that ruinous council hall, alarmed at the explosion of the pistol, had hurried into the room, and now stood unheeded by the door, with mouth agape, while Lebeau thus curtly dissolved the assembly. But when the president vanished through the secret doorway, Le Roux also retreated. Hastily descending the stairs, he made as quickly as his legs could carry him for the mouth of the alley in the rear of the house, through which he knew that Lebeau must pass. He arrived, panting and breathless, in time to catch hold of the ex-president's arm. "Pardon, citizen," stammered he; "but do I understand that you have sent the Council of Ten to the devil?"

"I? Certainly not, my good Marc; I dismiss them to go where they like. If they prefer the direction you name, it is their own choice. I decline to accompany them, and I advise you not to do so."

"But, citizen, have you considered what is to become of madame? Is she to be turned out of the lodge? Are my wages to stop, and madame to be left without a crust to put into her soup?"

"Not so bad as that; I have just paid the rent of the *baraque* for three months in advance, and there is your quarter's pay in advance also. My kind regards to madame, and tell her to keep your skin safe from the schemes of these lunatics." Thrusting some pieces of gold into the hands of the porter, Lebeau nodded his adieu, and hastened along his way.

Absorbed in his own reflections, he did not turn to look behind. But if he had, he could not have detected the dark form of the porter creeping in the deep shadow of the streets with distant but watchful footsteps.

CHAPTER IX.

THE conspirators, when left by their president, dispersed in deep, not noisy, resentment. They were, indeed, too stunned for loud demonstration; and belonging to different grades of life, and entertaining different opinions, their confidence in each other seemed lost, now that the chief who had brought and kept them together was withdrawn from their union. The Italian and the atheist slank away, whispering to each other. Grimm reproached Ferrier for deserting Dombinsky and obeying Lebeau. Ferrier accused Grimm of his German origin, and hinted at denouncing him as a Prussian spy. Gaspard le Noy linked his arm in Monnier's; and when they had gained the dark street without, leading into a labyrinth of desolate lanes, the *Médecin des Pauvres* said to the mechanic, "You are a brave fellow, Monnier. Lebeau owes you a good turn. But for your cry, 'We are not assassins,' the Pole might not have been left without support. No atmosphere is so infectious as that in which we breathe the same air of revenge: when the violence of one man puts into action the anger or suspicion of others, they become like a pack of hounds, which follow the spring of the first hound, whether on the wild boar or their own master. Even I, who am by no means hot-headed, had my hand on my case-knife, when the word 'assassin' rebuked and disarmed me."

"Nevertheless," said Monnier, gloomily, "I half repent the impulse which made me interfere to save that man. Better he should die than live to betray the cause we allowed him to lead."

"Nay, *mon ami*, speaking candidly, we must confess that he never from the first pretended to advocate the cause for which you conspired. On the contrary, he always said that with the fall of the empire our union would cease, and each become free to choose his own way toward his own after-objects."

"Yes," answered Armand, reluctantly; "he said that to me privately, with still greater plainness than he said it to the council. But I answered as plainly."

"How?"

"I told him that the man who takes the first step in a revolution, and persuades others to go along with him, can not in safety stand still or retreat when the next step is to be taken. It is '*en avant*' or '*à la lanterne*.' So it shall be with him. Shall a fellow-being avail himself of the power over my mind which he derives from superior education or experience—break into wild fragments my life, heretofore tranquil, orderly, happy—make use of any opinions, which were then but harmless desires, to serve his own purpose, which was hostile to the opinions he roused into action—say to me, 'Give yourself up to destroy the first obstacle in the way of securing a form of society which your inclinations prefer,' and then, that first obstacle destroyed, cry, 'Halt! I go with you no further; I will not help you to piece together the life I have induced you to shatter; I will not aid you to substitute for the society that pained you the society that would please; I leave you, struggling, bewildered, maddened, in the midst of chaos within and without you?' Shall a fellow-being do this, and vanish with a mocking cry, 'Tool! I have had enough of thee; I cast thee aside as worthless lumber?' Ah! let him beware! The tool is of iron, and can be shaped to edge and point."

The passion with which this rough eloquence was uttered, and the fierce sinister expression that had come over a countenance habitually open and manly, even when grave and stern, alarmed and startled Le Noy. "Pooh, my friend!" he said, rather falteringly, "you are too excited now to think justly. Go home and kiss your children. Never do any thing that may make them shrink from their father. And as to Lebeau, try and forget him. He says he shall disappear from Paris. I believe him. It is clear to me that the man is not what he seemed to us. No man of sixty could by so easy a sleight of hand have brought that giant Pole to his knee. If Lebeau re-appear, it will be in some other form. Did you notice that in the momentary struggle his flaxen wig got disturbed, and beneath it I saw a dark curl? I suspect that the man is not only younger than he seemed, but of higher rank—a conspirator against one throne, perhaps, in order to be minister under another. There are such men."

Before Monnier, who seemed struck by these conjectures, collected his thoughts to answer, a tall man in the dress of a *sous-lieutenant* stopped under a dim gas-lamp, and catching sight of the artisan's face, seized him by the hand, exclaiming, "Armand, *mon frère!* well met; strange times, eh? Come and discuss them at the *Café de Lyon* yonder over a bowl of punch. I'll stand treat."

"Agreed, dear Charles."

"And if this monsieur is a friend of yours, perhaps he will join us."

"You are too obliging, monsieur," answered Le Noy, not ill pleased to get rid of his excited companion; "but it has been a busy day with me, and I am only fit for bed. Be abstinent of the punch, Armand. You are feverish already. Good-night, messieurs."

The *Café de Lyon*, in vogue among the National Guard of the *quartier*, was but a few yards off, and the brothers turned toward it arm in arm. "Who is the friend?" asked Charles; "I don't remember to have seen him with thee before."

"He belongs to the medical craft—a good patriot and a kind man—attends the poor gratuitously. Yes, Charles, these are strange times; what dost thou think will come of them?"

They had now entered the *café*; and Charles had ordered the punch and seated himself at a vacant table before he replied. "What will come of these times? I will tell thee. National deliverence and regeneration through the ascendency of the National Guard."

"Eh? I don't take," said Armand, bewildered.

"Probably not," answered Charles, with an air of compassionate conceit; "thou art a dreamer, but I am a politician." He tapped his forehead significantly. "At this custom-house ideas are examined before they are passed."

Armand gazed at his brother wistfully, and with a deference he rarely manifested toward any one who disputed his own claims to superior intelligence. Charles was a few years older than Monnier; he was of larger build; he had shaggy, lowering eyebrows, a long obstinate upper lip, the face of a man who was accustomed to lay down the law. Inordinate self-esteem often gives that character to a physiognomy otherwise commonplace. Charles passed for a deep thinker in his own set, which was a very different set from Armand's—not among workmen, but small shopkeepers. He had risen in life to a grade beyond Armand's; he had always looked to the main chance; married the widow of a hosier and glover much older than himself, and in her right was a very respectable tradesman, comfortably well off; a Liberal, of course, but a Liberal *bourgeois*, equally against those above him and those below. Needless to add that he had no sympathy with his brother's socialistic opinions. Still he loved that brother as well as he could love any one except himself. And Armand, who was very affectionate, and with whom family ties were very strong, returned that love with ample interest; and though so fiercely at war with the class to which Charles belonged, was secretly proud of having a brother who was of that class. So in England I have known the most violent antagonist of the landed aristocracy—himself a cobbler—who interrupts a discourse on the crimes of the aristocracy by saying, "Though I myself descend from a county family."

In an evil day Charles Monnier, enrolled in the National Guard, had received promotion in that patriotic corps. From that date he began to neglect his shop, to criticise military matters, and to think that if merit had fair play he should be a Cincinnatus or a Washington—he had not decided which.

"Yes," resumed Charles, ladling out the punch, "thou hast wit enough to perceive that our generals are imbeciles or traitors; that *gredin* Bonaparte has sold the army for ten millions of francs to Bismarck, and I have no doubt that Wimpffen has his share of the bargain. M'Mahon was wounded conveniently, and has his own terms for it. The regular army is nowhere. Thou wilt see—thou wilt see—they will not stop the march of the Prussians. Trochu will be obliged to come to the National Guard. Then we shall say, 'General, give us our terms, and go to sleep.' I shall be summoned to the council of war. I have my plan. I explain it—'tis accepted—it succeeds. I am placed in supreme command—the Prussians are chased back to their sour-krout. And I—well—I don't like to boast, but thou'lt see—thou'lt see—what will happen."

"And thy plan, Charles—thou hast formed it already?"

"Ay, ay—the really military genius is prompt, *mon petit* Armand—a flash of the brain. Hark ye! Let the Vandals come to Paris and invest it. Whatever their numbers on paper, I don't care a button; they can only have a few thousands at any given point in the vast circumference of the capital. Any fool must grant that—thou must grant it, eh?"

"It seems just."

"Of course. Well, then, we proceed by sorties of 200,000 men, repeated every other day, and in twelve days the Prussians are in full flight. The country rises on their flight—they are cut to pieces. I depose Trochu—the National Guard elects the savior of France.* I have a place in my eye for thee. Thou art superb as a decorator—thou shalt be Minister *des Beaux Arts*. But keep clear of the *canaille*. No more strikes then—thou wilt be an employer—respect thy future order."

Armand smiled mournfully. Though of intellect which, had it been disciplined, was far superior to his brother's, it was so estranged from practical opinions, so warped, so heated, so flawed and cracked in parts, that he did not see the ridicule of Charles's braggadocio. Charles had succeeded in life, Armand had failed; and Armand believed in the worldly wisdom of the elder born. But he was far too sincere for any bribe to tempt him to forsake his creed and betray his opinions. And he knew that it must be a very different revolution from that which his brother contemplated that could allow him to marry another man's wife, and his "order" to confiscate other people's property.

"Don't talk of strikes, Charles. What is done is done. I was led into heading a strike, not on my own account, for I was well paid and well off, but for the sake of my fellow-workmen. I may regret now what I did, for the sake of Marie and the little ones. But it is an affair of honor, and I can not withdraw from the cause till my order, as thou namest my class, has its rights."

"Bah! thou wilt think better of it when thou art an employer. Thou hast suffered enough already. Remember that I warned thee against that old fellow in spectacles whom I met once at thy house. I told thee he would lead thee into mischief, and then leave thee to get out of it. I saw through him. I have a head! *Va!*"

"Thou wert a true prophet—he has duped me. But in moving me he has set others in movement; and I suspect he will find he has duped himself. Time will show."

Here the brothers were joined by some loungers belonging to the National Guard. The talk became general, the potations large. Toward daybreak Armand reeled home, drunk for the first time in his life. He was one of those whom drink makes violent. Marie had been sitting up for him, alarmed at his lengthened absence. But when she would have thrown herself on his breast, her pale face and her passionate sobs enraged him. He flung her aside roughly. From that night the man's nature was changed. If, as a physiognomist has said, each man has in him a portion of the wild beast, which is suppressed by mild civilizing circumstances, and comes uppermost when self-control is lost, the nature of many an honest workman, humane and tender-hearted as the best of us, commenced a change into the wild beast, that raged through the civil war of the Communists, on the day when half a dozen Incapables, with no more claim to represent the people of Paris than half a dozen monkeys would have, were allowed to elect themselves to supreme power, and in the very fact of that election released all the elements of passion, and destroyed all the bulwarks of order.

CHAPTER X.

No man perhaps had more earnestly sought and more passionately striven for the fall of the empire than Victor de Mauléon, and perhaps no man was more dissatisfied and disappointed by the immediate consequences of that fall. In first conspiring against the empire, he had naturally enough, in common with all the more intelligent enemies of the dynasty, presumed that its fate would be worked out by the normal effect of civil causes—the alienation of the educated classes, the discontent of the artisans, the eloquence of the press and of popular meetings, strengthened in proportion as the Emperor had been compelled to relax the former checks upon the license of either. And De Mauléon had no less naturally concluded that there would be time given for the preparation of a legitimate and rational form of government to succeed that which was destroyed. For, as has been hinted or implied, this remarkable man was not merely an instigator of revolution through the secret council, and the turbulent agencies set in movement through the lower strata of society—he was also in confidential communication with men eminent for wealth, station, and political repute, from whom he obtained the funds necessary for the darker purposes of conspiracy, into the elaboration of which they did not inquire; and these men, though belonging like himself to the Liberal party, were no hot-blooded democrats. Most of them were in favor of constitutional monarchy; all of them for forms of government very different from any republic in which socialists or communists could find themselves uppermost. Among these politicians were persons ambitious and able, who in scheming for the fall of the empire had been prepared to undertake the task of conducting to ends compatible with modern civilization the revolution they were willing to allow a mob at Paris to commence. The opening of the war necessarily suspended their designs. How completely the events of the 4th September mocked the calculations of their ablest minds, and paralyzed the action of their most energetic spirits, will appear in the conversation I am about to record. It takes place between Victor de Mauléon and the personage to whom he had addressed the letter written on the night before the interview with Louvier, in which Victor had announced his intention of re-appearing in Paris in his proper name and rank. I shall designate this correspondent as vaguely as possible; let me call him the Incognito. He may yet play so considerable a part in the history of France as a potent representative of the political philosophy of De Tocqueville—that is, of liberal principles incompatible with the absolute power either of a sovereign or a populace, and resolutely opposed to experiments on the foundations of civilized society—that it would be unfair to himself and his partisans if, in a work like this, a word were said that could lead malignant conjecture to his identity with any special chief of the opinions of which I here present him only as a type.

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* Charles Monnier seems to have indiscreetly blabbed out his "idea," for it was plagiarized afterward at a meeting of the National Guard in the Salle de la Bourse by Citizen Rochebrune (slain 19th January, 1871, in the affair of Montretout). The plan, which he developed nearly in the same words as Charles Monnier, was received with lively applause; and at the close of his speech it was proposed to name at once Citizen Rochebrune General of the National Guard, an honor which, unhappily for his country, the citizen had the modesty to decline.

The Incognito, entering Victor's apartment:

"My dear friend, even if I had not received your telegram, I should have hastened hither on the news of this astounding revolution. It is only in Paris that such a tragedy could be followed by such a farce. You were on the spot—a spectator. Explain it if you can."

De Mauléon. "I was more than a spectator; I was an actor. Hiss me—I deserve it. When the terrible news from Sedan reached Paris, in the midst of the general stun and bewilderment I noticed a hesitating timidity among all those who had wares in their shops and a good coat on their backs. They feared that to proclaim the empire defunct would be to install the Red Republic with all its paroxysms of impulsive rage and all its theories of wholesale confiscation. But since it was impossible for the object we had in view to let slip the occasion of deposing the dynasty which stood in its way, it was necessary to lose no time in using the revolutionary part of the populace for that purpose. I assisted in doing so; my excuse is this: that in a time of crisis a man of action must go straight to his immediate object, and in so doing employ the instruments at his command. I made, however, one error in judgment which admits of no excuse. I relied on all I had heard, and all I had observed, of the character of Trochu, and I was deceived, in common, I believe, with all his admirers, and three parts of the educated classes of Paris."

Incognito. "I should have been equally deceived! Trochu's conduct is a riddle that I doubt if he himself can ever solve. He was master of the position; he had the military force in his hands if he combined with Palikao, which, whatever the jealousies between the two, it was his absolute duty to do. He had a great prestige—"

De Mauléon. "And for the moment a still greater popularity. His *ipse dixit* could have determined the wavering and confused spirits of the population. I was prepared for his abandonment of the Emperor—even of the Empress and the Regency. But how could I imagine that he, the man of moderate politics, of Orleanistic leanings, the clever writer, the fine talker, the chivalrous soldier, the religious Breton, could abandon every thing that was legal, every thing that could save France against the enemy, and Paris against civil discord; that he would connive at the annihilation of the Senate, of the popular Assembly, of every form of government that could be recognized as legitimate at home or abroad, accept service under men whose doctrines were opposed to all his antecedents, all his professed opinions, and inaugurate a chaos under the name of a republic!"

Incognito. "How, indeed! How suppose that the National Assembly, just elected by a majority of seven millions and half, could be hurried into a conjuring box, and re-appear as the travesty of a Venetian oligarchy, composed of half a dozen of its most unpopular members! The sole excuse for Trochu is that he deemed all other considerations insignificant compared with the defense of Paris, and the united action of the nation against the invaders. But if that were his honest desire in siding with this monstrous usurpation of power, he did every thing by which the desire could be frustrated. Had there been any provisional body composed of men known and esteemed, elected by the Chambers, supported by Trochu and the troops at his back, there would have been a rallying-point for the patriotism of the provinces; and in the wise suspense of any constitution to succeed that government until the enemy were chased from the field, all partisans—Imperialists, Legitimists, Orleanists, Republicans—would have equally adjourned their differences. But a democratic republic, proclaimed by a Parisian mob for a nation in which sincere democratic Republicans are a handful, in contempt of an Assembly chosen by the country at large, headed by men in whom the provinces have no trust, and for whom their own representatives are violently cashiered—can you conceive such a combination of wet blankets supplied by the irony of fate for the extinction of every spark of ardor in the population from which armies are to be gathered in haste, at the beck of usurpers they distrust and despise? Paris has excelled itself in folly. Hungering for peace, it proclaims a government which has no legal power to treat for it. Shrieking out for allies among the monarchies, it annihilates the hope of obtaining them; its sole chance of escape from siege, famine, and bombardment is in the immediate and impassioned sympathy of the provinces; and it revives all the grudges which the provinces have long sullenly felt against the domineering pretensions of the capital, and invokes the rural populations, which comprise the pith and sinew of armies, in the name of men whom I verily believe they detest still more than they do the Prussians. Victor, it is enough to make one despair of his country! All beyond the hour seems anarchy and ruin."

"Not so!" exclaimed De Mauléon. "Every thing comes to him who knows how to wait. The empire is destroyed; the usurpation that follows it has no roots. It will but serve to expedite the establishment of such a condition as we have meditated and planned—a constitution adapted to our age and our people, not based wholly on untried experiments, taking the best from nations that do not allow Freedom and Order to be the sport of any popular breeze. From the American republic we must borrow the only safeguards against the fickleness of the universal suffrage which, though it was madness to concede in any ancient community, once conceded can not be safely abolished—viz., the salutary law that no article of the Constitution once settled can be altered without the consent of two-thirds of the legislative body. By this law we insure permanence, and that concomitant love for institutions which is engendered by time and custom. Secondly, the formation of a Senate on such principles as may secure to it in all times of danger a confidence and respect which counteract in public opinion the rashness and heat of the popular Assembly. On what principles that Senate should be formed, with what functions invested, what share of the executive—especially in foreign affairs, declarations of war, or treaties of peace—should be accorded to it, will no doubt need the most deliberate care of the ablest minds. But a Senate I thus sketch has alone rescued America from the rashness of counsel incident to a democratic Chamber; and it is still more essential to France, with still more favorable elements for its creation. From England we must borrow the great principle that has alone saved her from revolution—that the head of the state can do no wrong. He leads no armies, he presides over no Cabinet. All responsibility rests with his advisers; and where we upset a dynasty, England changes an administration. Whether the head of the state should have the title of sovereign or president, whether he be hereditary or elected, is a question of minor importance impossible now to determine, but I heartily concur with you that hereditary monarchy is infinitely better adapted to the habits of Frenchmen, to their love of show and of honors—and infinitely more preservative from all the dangers which result from constant elections to such a dignity, with parties so heated, and pretenders to the rank so numerous—than any system by which a popular demagogue or a successful general may have power to destroy the institutions he is elected to guard. On these fundamental doctrines for the regeneration of France I think we are agreed. And I believe when the moment arrives to promulgate them, through an expounder of weight like yourself, they will rapidly commend themselves to the intellect of France. For they belong to common-sense; and in the ultimate prevalence of common-sense I have a faith which I refuse to mediævalists who would restore the right divine; and still more to fanatical quacks, who imagine that the worship of the Deity, the ties of family, and the rights of property are errors at variance with the progress of society. *Qui vivera, verra.*"

Incognito. "In the outlines of the policy you so ably enunciate I heartily concur. But if France is, I will not say to be regenerated, but to have fair play among the nations of Europe, I add one or two items to the programme. France must be saved from Paris not by subterranean barracks and trains, the impotence of which we see to-day with a general in command of the military force, but by conceding to France its proportionate share of the power now monopolized by Paris. All this system of centralization, equally tyrannical and corrupt, must be eradicated. Talk of examples from America, of which I know little—from England, of which I know much—what can we more advantageously borrow from England than that diffusion of all her moral and social power which forbids the congestion of blood in one vital part? Decentralize! decentralize! decentralize! will be my incessant cry, if ever the time comes when my cry will be heard. France can never be a genuine France until Paris has no more influence over the destinies of France than London has over those of England. But on this theme I could go on till midnight. Now to the immediate point: what do you advise me to do in this crisis, and what do you propose to do yourself?"

De Mauléon put his hand to his brow, and remained a few moments silent and thoughtful. At last he looked up with that decided expression of face which was not the least among his many attributes for influence over those with whom he came into contact.

"For you, on whom so much of the future depends, my advice is brief—have nothing to do with the present. All who join this present mockery of a government will share the fall that attends it—a fall from which one or two of their body may possibly recover by casting blame on their *confrères*—you never could. But it is not for you to oppose that government with an enemy on its march to Paris. You are not a soldier; military command is not in your *rôle*. The issue of events is uncertain; but whatever it be, the men in power can not conduct a prosperous war nor obtain an honorable peace. Hereafter you may be the *Deus ex machinâ*. No personage of that rank and with that mission appears till the end of the play: we are only in the first act. Leave Paris at once, and abstain from all action."

Incognito (*dejectedly*). "I can not deny the soundness of your advice, though in accepting it I feel unutterably saddened. Still you, the calmest and shrewdest observer among my friends, think there is cause for hope, not despair. Victor, I have more than most men to make life pleasant, but I would lay down life at this moment with you. You know me well enough to be sure that I utter no melodramatic fiction when I say that I love my country as a young man loves the ideal of his dreams—with my whole mind and heart and soul!—and the thought that I can not now aid her in the hour of her mortal trial is—is—"

The man's voice broke down, and he turned aside. veiling his face with a hand that trembled.

De Mauléon. "Courage!—patience! All Frenchmen have the first; set them an example they much need in the second. I, too, love my country, though I owe to it little enough, Heaven knows. I suppose love of country is inherent in all who are not Internationalists. They profess only to love humanity, by which, if they mean any thing practical, they mean a rise in wages."

Incognito (*rousing himself, and with a half smile*). "Always cynical, Victor—always belying yourself. But now that you have advised my course, what will be your own? Accompany me, and wait for better times."

"No, noble friend; our positions are different. Yours is made—mine yet to make. But for this war I think I could have secured a seat in the Chamber. As I wrote you, I found that my kinsfolk were of much influence in their department, and that my restitution to my social grade, and the repute I had made as an Orleanist, inclined them to forget my youthful errors and to assist my career. But the Chamber ceases to exist. My journal I shall drop. I can not support the government; it is not a moment to oppose it. My prudent course is silence."

Incognito. "But is not your journal essential to your support?"

De Mauléon. "Fortunately not. Its profits enabled me to lay by for the rainy day that has come; and having re-imbursed you and all friends the sums necessary to start it, I stand clear of all debt, and for my slender wants a rich man. If I continued the journal I should be beggared, for there would be no readers to *Common-Sense* in this interval of lunacy. Nevertheless, during this interval I trust to other ways for winning a name that will open my rightful path of ambition whenever we again have a legislature in which *Common-Sense* can be heard."

Incognito. "But how win that name, silenced as a writer?"

De Mauléon. "You forget that I have fought in Algeria. In a few days Paris will be in a state of siege; and then—and then," he added, and very quietly dilated on the renown of a patriot or the grave of a soldier.

"I envy you the chance of either," said the Incognito; and after a few more brief words he departed, his hat drawn over his brows, and entering a hired carriage which he had left at the corner of the quiet street, was consigned to the Station du ——, just in time for the next train.

[To be continued.]

(Continued from No. 881, page 1055.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right,"
"Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?"
"The Small House at Allington,"
"Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIX.

SHOWING WHAT MRS. BUNCE SAID TO THE POLICEMAN.

"We have left Adelaide Palliser down at the Hall. We are up here only for a couple of days to see Laura, and try to find out what had better be done about Kennedy." This was said to Phineas Finn in his own room in Great Marlborough Street by Lord Chiltern, on the morning after the murder, between ten and eleven o'clock. Phineas had not as yet heard of the death of the man with whom he had quarreled. Lord Chiltern had now come to him with some proposition which he as yet did not understand, and which Lord Chiltern certainly did not know how to explain. Looked at simply, the proposition was one for providing Phineas Finn with an income out of the wealth belonging, or that would belong, to the Standish family. Lady Laura's fortune would, it was thought, soon be at her own disposal. They who acted for her husband had assured the Earl that the yearly interest of the money should be at her ladyship's command as soon as the law would allow them so to plan it. Of Robert Kennedy's inability to act for himself there was no longer any doubt whatever, and there was, they said, no desire to embarrass the estate with so small a disputed matter as the income derived from £40,000. There was great pride of purse in the manner in which the information was conveyed; but not the less on that account was it satisfactory to the Earl. Lady Laura's first thought about it referred to the imminent wants of Phineas Finn. How might it be possible for her to place a portion of her income at the command of the man she loved so that he should not feel disgraced by receiving it from her hand? She conceived some plan as to a loan to be made nominally by her brother—a plan as to which it may at once be said that it could not be made to hold water for a minute. But she did succeed in inducing her brother to undertake the embassy, with the view of explaining to Phineas that there would be money for him when he wanted it. "If I make it over to papa, papa can leave it him in his will; and if he wants it at once there can be no harm in your advancing to him what he must have at papa's death." Her brother had frowned angrily and had shaken his head. "Think how he has been thrown over by all the party," said Lady Laura. Lord Chiltern had disliked the whole affair—had felt with dismay that his sister's name would become subject to reproach if it should be known that this young man was supported by her bounty. She, however, had persisted, and he had consented to see the young man, feeling sure that Phineas would refuse to bear the burden of the obligation.

But he had not touched the disagreeable subject when they were interrupted. A knocking of the door had been heard, and now Mrs. Bunce came up stairs, bringing Mr. Low with her. Mrs. Bunce had not heard of the tragedy, but she had at once perceived from the barrister's manner that there was some serious matter forward—some matter that was probably not only serious, but also calamitous. The expression of her countenance announced as much to the two men, and the countenance of Mr. Low when he followed her into the room told the same story still more plainly. "Is any thing the matter?" said Phineas, jumping up.

"Indeed, yes," said Mr. Low, who then looked at Lord Chiltern and was silent.

"Shall I go?" said Lord Chiltern. Mr. Low did not know him, and of course was still silent.

"This is my friend, Mr. Low. This is my friend, Lord Chiltern," said Phineas, aware that each was well acquainted with the other's name. "I do not know of any reason why you should go. What is it, Low?"

Lord Chiltern had come there about money, and it occurred to him that the impecunious young barrister might already be in some scrape on that head. In nineteen cases out of twenty, when a man is in a scrape, he simply wants money. "Perhaps I can be of help," he said.

"Have you heard, my lord, what happened last night?" said Mr. Low, with his eyes fixed on Phineas Finn.

"I have heard nothing," said Lord Chiltern.

"What has happened?" asked Phineas, looking aghast. He knew Mr. Low well enough to be sure that the thing referred to was of great and distressing moment.

"You, too, have heard nothing?"

"Not a word—that I know of."

"You were at the Universe last night?"

"Certainly I was."

"Did any thing occur?"

"The Prince was there."

"Nothing has happened to the Prince?" said Chiltern.

"His name has not been mentioned to me," said Mr. Low. "Was there not a quarrel?"

"Yes," said Phineas; "I quarreled with Mr. Bonteen."

"What then?"

"He behaved like a brute—as he always does. Thrashing a brute hardly answers nowadays, but if ever a man deserved a thrashing he does."

"He has been murdered," said Mr. Low.

* * * * * * *

The reader need hardly be told that, as regards this great offense, Phineas Finn was as white as snow. The maintenance of any doubt on that matter, were it even desirable to maintain a doubt, would be altogether beyond the doubt of the present writer. The reader has probably perceived, from the first moment of the discovery of the body on the steps at the end of the passage, that Mr. Bonteen had been killed by that ingenious gentleman the Rev. Mr. Emilius, who found it to be worth his while to take the step with the view of suppressing his enemy's evidence as to his former marriage. But Mr. Low, when he entered the room, had been inclined to think that his friend had done the deed. Laurence Fitzgibbon, who had been one of the first to hear the story, and who had summoned Erle to go with him and Major Mackintosh to Downing Street, had, in the first place, gone to the house in Carey Street, in which Bunce was wont to work, and had sent him to Mr. Low. He, Fitzgibbon, had not thought it safe that he himself should warn his countryman, but he could not bear to think that the hare should be knocked over on its form, or that his friend should be taken by policemen without notice. So he had sent Bunce to Mr. Low, and Mr. Low had now come with his tidings.

"Murdered!" exclaimed Phineas.

"Who has murdered him?" said Lord Chiltern, looking first at Mr. Low and then at Phineas.

"That is what the police are now endeavoring to find out." Then there was a pause, and Phineas stood up with his hand on his forehead, looking savagely from one to the other. A glimmer of an idea of the truth was beginning to cross his brain. Mr. Low was there with the object of asking him whether he had murdered the man! "Mr. Fitzgibbon was with you last night," continued Mr. Low.

"Of course he was."

"It was he who has sent me to you."

"What does it all mean?" asked Lord Chiltern. "I suppose they do not intend to say that—our friend here—murdered the man."

"I begin to suppose that is what they intend to say," rejoined Phineas, scornfully.

Mr. Low had entered the room doubting, indeed, but still inclined to believe—as Bunce had very clearly believed—that the hands of Phineas Finn were red with the blood of this man who had been killed. And, had he been questioned on such a matter, when no special case was before his mind, he would have declared of himself that a few tones from the voice, or a few glances from the eye, of a suspected man would certainly not suffice to eradicate suspicion. But now he was quite sure—almost quite sure—that Phineas was as innocent as himself. To Lord Chiltern, who had heard none of the details, the suspicion was so monstrous as to fill him with wrath. "You don't mean to tell us, Mr. Low, that any one says that Finn killed the man?"

"I have come as his friend," said Low, "to put him on his guard. The accusation will be made against him."

To Phineas, not clearly looking at it, not knowing very accurately what had happened, not being, in truth, quite sure that Mr. Bonteen was actually dead, this seemed to be a continuation of the persecution which he believed himself to have suffered from that man's hand. "I can believe any thing from that quarter," he said.

"From what quarter?" asked Lord Chiltern. "We had better let Mr. Low tell us what really has happened."

Then Mr. Low told the story, as well as he knew it, describing the spot on which the body had been found. "Often as I go to the club," said Phineas, "I never was through that passage in my life." Mr. Low went on with his tale, telling how the man had been killed with some short bludgeon. "I had that in my pocket," said Finn, producing the life-preserver. "I have almost always had something of the kind when I have been in London, since that affair of Kennedy's. Mr. Low cast one glance at it, to see whether it had been washed or scraped, or in any way cleansed. Phineas saw the glance, and was angry. "There it is, as it is. You can make the most of it. I shall not touch it again till the policeman comes. Don't put your hand on it, Chiltern. Leave it there." And the instrument was left lying on the table, untouched. Mr. Low went on with his story. He had heard nothing of Yosef Mealyus as connected with the murder, but some indistinct reference to Lord Fawn and the top-coat had been made to him. "There is the coat, too," said Phineas, taking it from the sofa on which he had flung it when he came home the previous night. It was a very light coat, fitted for May use, lined with silk, and by no means suited for enveloping the face or person. But it had a collar which might be made to stand up. "That, at any rate, was the coat I wore," said Finn, in answer to some observation from the barrister. "The man that Lord Fawn saw," said Mr. Low, "was, as I understand, enveloped in a heavy great-coat." "So Fawn has got his finger in the pie!" said Lord Chiltern.

Mr. Low had been there an hour, Lord Chiltern remaining also in the room, when there came three men belonging to the police—a superintendent, and with him two constables. When the men were shown up into the room, neither the bludgeon nor the coat had been moved from the small table as Phineas had himself placed them there. Both Phineas and Chiltern had lit cigars, and they were all there sitting in silence. Phineas had entertained the idea that Mr. Low believed the charge, and that the barrister was, therefore, an enemy. Mr. Low had perceived this, but had not felt it to be his duty to declare his opinion of his friend's innocence. What he could do for his friend he would do; but, as he thought, he could serve him better now by silent observation than by protestation. Lord Chiltern, who had been implored by Phineas not to leave him, continued to pour forth unabating execrations on the monstrous malignity of the accusers. "I do not know that there are any accusers," said Mr. Low, "except the circumstances, which the police must, of course, investigate." Then the men came, and the nature of their duty was soon explained. They must request Mr. Finn to go with them to Bow Street. They took possession of many articles besides the two which had been prepared for them—the dress-coat and shirt which Phineas had worn, and the boots. He had gone out to dinner with a Gibus hat, and they took that. They took his umbrella and his latch-key. They asked, even, as to his purse and money, but abstained from taking the purse when Mr. Low suggested that they could have no concern with that. As it happened, Phineas was at the moment wearing the shirt in which he had dined out on the previous day, and the men asked him whether he had any objection to change it in their presence, as it might be necessary, after the examination, that it should be detained as evidence. He did so in the presence of all the men assembled; but the humiliation of doing it almost broke his heart. Then they searched among his linen, clean and dirty, and asked questions of Mrs. Bunce in audible whispers behind the door. Whatever Mrs. Bunce could do to injure the cause of her favorite lodger by severity of manner, snubbing the policeman, and determination to give no information, she did do. "Had a shirt washed? How do you suppose a gentleman's shirts are washed? You were brought up near enough to a wash-tub yourself to know more than I can tell you!" But the very respectable constable did not seem to be in the least annoyed by the landlady's amenities.

He was taken to Bow Street, going thither in a cab with the two policemen, and the superintendent followed them with Lord Chiltern and Mr. Low. "You don't mean to say that you believe it?" said Lord Chiltern to the officer. "We never believe and we never disbelieve any thing, my lord," replied the man. Nevertheless, the superintendent did most firmly believe that Phineas Finn had murdered Mr. Bonteen.

At the police-office Phineas was met by Lord Cantrip and Barrington Erle, and soon became aware that both Lord Fawn and Fitzgibbon were present. It seemed that every thing else was made to give way to this inquiry, as he was at once confronted by the magistrate. Every body was personally very civil to him, and he was asked whether he would not wish to have professional advice while the charge was being made against him. But this he declined. He would tell the magistrate, he said, all he knew, but, at any rate for the present, he would have no need of advice. He was at last allowed to tell his own story, after repeated cautions. There had been some words between him and Mr. Bonteen in the club; after which, standing at the door of the club with his friends, Mr. Erle and Mr. Fitzgibbon, who were now in court, he had seen Mr. Bonteen walk away toward Berkeley Square. He had soon followed, but had never overtaken Mr. Bonteen. When reaching the square he had crossed over to the fountain, standing there on the south side, and from thence had taken the shortest way up Bruton Street. He had seen Mr. Bonteen for the last time dimly, by the gas-light, at the corner of the square. As far as he could remember, he himself had at that moment passed the fountain. He had not heard the sound of any struggle, or of words, round the corner toward Piccadilly. By the time that Mr. Bonteen would have reached the head of the steps leading into the passage, he would have been near Bruton Street, with his back completely turned to the scene of the murder. He had walked faster than Mr. Bonteen, having gradually drawn near to him; but he had determined in his own mind that he would not pass the man, or get so near him as to attract attention. Nor had he done so. He had certainly worn the gray coat which was now produced. The collar of it had not been turned up. The coat was nearly new, and to the best of his belief the collar had never been turned up. He had carried the life-preserver now produced with him because it had once before been necessary for him to attack garroters in the street. The life-preserver had never been used, and, as it happened, was quite new. It had been bought about a month since, in consequence of some commotion about garroters which had just then taken place. But before the purchase of the life-preserver he had been accustomed to carry some stick or bludgeon at night. Undoubtedly he had quarreled with Mr. Bonteen before this occasion, and had bought this instrument since the commencement of the quarrel. He had not seen any one on his way from the square to his own house with sufficient observation to enable him to describe such person. He could not remember that he had passed a policeman on his way home.

This took place after the hearing of such evidence as was then given. The statements made, both by Erle and Fitzgibbon, as to what had taken place in the club, and afterward at the door, tallied exactly with that afterward given by Phineas. An accurate measurement of the streets and ways concerned was already furnished. Taking the duration of time as surmised by Erle and Fitzgibbon to have passed after they had turned their back upon Phineas, a constable proved that the prisoner would have had time to hurry back to the corner of the street he had passed, and to be in the place where Lord Fawn saw the man, supposing that Lord Fawn had walked at the rate of three miles an hour, and that Phineas had walked or run at twice that pace. Lord Fawn stated that he was walking very slow—less, he thought, than three miles an hour, and that the man was hurrying very fast—not absolutely running, but going, as he thought, at quite double his own pace. Then two coats were shown to his lordship. Finn knew nothing of the other coat, which had, in truth, been taken from the Rev. Mr. Emilius—a rough, thick, brown coat, which had belonged to the preacher for the last two years. Finn's coat was gray in color. Lord Fawn looked at the coats very attentively, and then said that the man he had seen had certainly not worn the brown coat. The night had been dark, but still he was sure that the coat had been gray. The collar had certainly been turned up. Then a tailor was produced who gave it as his opinion that Finn's coat had been lately worn with the collar raised.

It was considered that the evidence given was sufficient to make a remand imperative, and Phineas Finn was committed to Newgate. He was assured that every attention should be paid to his comfort, and was treated with great consideration. Lord Cantrip, who still believed in him, discussed the subject both with the magistrate and with Major Mackintosh. Of course the strictest search would be made for a second life-preserver, or any such weapon as might have been used. Search had already been made, and no such weapon had been as yet found. Emilius had never been seen with any such weapon. No one about Curzon Street or Mayfair could be found who had seen that man with the quick step and raised collar, who doubtless had been the murderer, except Lord Fawn—so that no evidence was forth-coming tending to show that Phineas Finn could not have been that man. The evidence adduced to prove that Mr. Emilius—or Mealyus, as he was henceforth called—could not have been on the spot was so very strong that the magistrate told the constables that that man must be released on the next examination, unless something could be adduced against him.

The magistrate, with the profoundest regret, was unable to agree with Lord Cantrip in his opinion that the evidence adduced was not sufficient to demand the temporary committal of Mr. Finn.

CHAPTER L.

WHAT THE LORDS AND COMMONS SAID ABOUT THE MURDER.

WHEN the House met on that Thursday at four o'clock every body was talking about the murder, and certainly four-fifths of the members had made up their minds that Phineas Finn was the murderer. To have known a murdered man is something, but to have been intimate with a murderer is certainly much more. There were many there who were really sorry for poor Bonteen—of whom without a doubt the end had come in a very horrible manner; and there were more there who were personally fond of Phineas Finn—to whom the future of the young member was very sad, and the fact that he should have become a murderer very awful. But, nevertheless, the occasion was not without its consolations. The business of the House is not always exciting, or even interesting. On this afternoon there was not a member who did not feel that something had occurred which added an interest to Parliamentary life.

Very soon after prayers Mr. Gresham entered the House, and men who had hitherto been behaving themselves after a most unparliamentary fashion, standing about in knots, talking by no means in whispers, moving in and out of the House rapidly, all crowded into their places. Whatever pretense of business had been going on was stopped in a moment, and Mr. Gresham rose to make his statement. "It was with the deepest regret—nay, with the most profound sorrow—that he was called upon to inform the House that his right honorable friend and colleague, Mr. Bonteen, had been basely and cruelly murdered during the past night." It was odd then to see how the name of the man, who, while he was alive and a member of that House, could not have been pronounced in that assembly without disorder, struck the members almost with dismay.

"Yes, his friend Mr. Bonteen, who had so lately filled the office of President of the Board of Trade, and whose loss the country and that House could so ill bear, had been beaten to death in one of the streets of the metropolis by the arm of a dastardly ruffian during the silent watches of the night." Then Mr. Gresham paused, and every one expected that some further statement would be made. "He did not know that he had any further communication to make on the subject. Some little time must elapse before he could fill the office. As for adequately supplying the loss, that would be impossible. Mr. Bonteen's services to the country, especially in reference to decimal coinage, were too well known to the House to allow of his holding out any such hope." Then he sat down without having as yet made an allusion to Phineas Finn.

But the allusion was soon made. Mr. Daubeny rose, and with much graceful and mysterious circumlocution asked the Prime Minister whether it was true that a member of the House had been arrested, and was now in confinement, on the charge of having been concerned in the murder of the late much-lamented President of the Board of Trade. He—Mr. Daubeny—had been given to understand that such a charge had been made against an honorable member of that House who had once been a colleague of Mr. Bonteen's, and who had always supported the right honorable gentleman opposite. Then Mr. Gresham rose again. "He regretted to say that the honorable member for Tankerville was in custody on that charge. The House would of course understand that he only made that statement as a fact, and that he was offering no opinion as to who was the perpetrator of the murder. The case seemed to be shrouded in great mystery. The two gentlemen had unfortunately differed, but he did not at all think that the House would on that account be disposed to attribute guilt so black and damning to a gentleman they had all known so well as the honorable member for Tankerville." So much and no more was spoken publicly to the reporters, but members continued to talk about the affair the whole evening.

There was nothing, perhaps, more astonishing than the absence of rancor or abhorrence with which the name of Phineas was mentioned, even by those who felt most certain of his guilt. All those who had been present at the club acknowledged that Bonteen had been the sinner in reference to the transaction there; and it was acknowledged to have been almost a public misfortune that such a man as Bonteen should have been able to prevail against such a one as Phineas Finn in regard to the presence of the latter in the Government. Stories which were exaggerated, accounts worse even than the truth, were bandied about as to the perseverance with which the murdered man had destroyed the prospects of the supposed murderer, and robbed the country of the services of a good workman. Mr. Gresham, in the official statement which he had made, had, as a matter of course, said many fine things about Mr. Bonteen. A man can always have fine things said about him for a few hours after his death. But in the small private conferences which were held the fine things said all referred to Phineas Finn. Mr. Gresham had spoken of a "dastardly ruffian in the silent watches;" but one would have almost thought, from overhearing what was said by various gentlemen in different parts of the House, that, upon the whole, Phineas Finn was thought to have done rather a good thing in putting poor Mr. Bonteen out of the way.

And another pleasant feature of excitement was added by the prevalent idea that the Prince had seen and heard the row. Those who had been at the club at the time of course knew that this was not the case; but the presence of the Prince at the Universe between the row and the murder had really been a fact, and therefore it was only natural that men should allow themselves the delight of mixing the Prince with the whole concern. In remote circles the Prince was undoubtedly supposed to have had a great deal to do with the matter, though whether as abettor of the murdered or of the murderer was never plainly declared. A great deal was said about the Prince that evening in the House, so that many members were able to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

"What a godsend for Gresham!" said one gentleman to Mr. Ratler, very shortly after the strong eulogium which had been uttered on poor Mr. Bonteen by the Prime Minister.

"Well, yes; I was afraid that the poor fellow would never have got on with us."

"Got on! He'd have been a thorn in Gresham's side as long as he held office. If Finn should be acquitted, you ought to do something handsome for him." Whereupon Mr. Ratler laughed heartily.

"It will pretty nearly break them up," said Sir Orlando Drought, one of Mr. Daubeny's late Secretaries of State, to Mr. Roby, Mr. Daubeny's late patronage secretary.

"I don't quite see that. They'll be able to drop their decimal coinage with a good excuse, and that will be a great comfort. They are talking of getting Monk to go back to the Board of Trade."

"Will that strengthen them?"

"Bonteen would have weakened them. The man had got beyond himself, and lost his head. They are better without him."

"I suppose Finn did it?" asked Sir Orlando.

"Not a doubt about it, I'm told. The queer thing is that he should have declared his purpose beforehand to Erle. Gresham says that all that must have been part of his plan, so as to make men think afterward that he couldn't have done it. Grogram's idea is that he had planned the murder before he went to the club."

"Will the Prince have to give evidence?"

"No, no," said Mr. Roby. "That's all wrong. The Prince had left the club before the row commenced. Confucius Putt says that the Prince didn't hear a word of it. He was talking to the Prince all the time." Confucius Putt was the distinguished artist with whom the Prince had shaken hands on leaving the club.

Lord Drummond was in the Peers' Gallery, and Mr. Boffin was talking to him over the railings. It may be remembered that those two gentlemen had conscientiously left Mr. Daubeny's Cabinet because they had been unable to support him in his views about the Church. After such sacrifice on their parts, their minds were of course intent on Church matters. "There doesn't seem to be a doubt about it," said Mr. Boffin.

"Cantrip won't believe it," said the peer.

"He was at the Colonies with Cantrip, and Cantrip found him very agreeable. Every body says that he was one of the pleasantest fellows going. This makes it out of the question that they should bring in any Church Bill this session."

"Do you think so?"

"Oh yes; certainly. There will be nothing else thought of now till the trial."

"So much the better," said his lordship. "It's an ill wind that blows no one any good. Will they have evidence for a conviction?"

"Oh dear, yes; not a doubt about it. Fawn can swear to him," said Mr. Boffin.

Barrington Erle was telling his story for the tenth time, when he was summoned out of the Library to the Duchess of Omnium, who had made her way up into the lobby. "Oh, Mr. Erle, do tell me what you really think," said the Duchess.

"That is just what I can't do."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't know what to think."

"He can't have done it, Mr. Erle."

"That's just what I say to myself, Duchess."

"But they do say that the evidence is so very strong against him."

"Very strong."

"I wish we could get that Lord Fawn out of the way."

"Ah, but we can't."

"And will they—hang him?"

"If they convict him, they will."

"A man we all knew so well! And just when we had made up our minds to do every thing for him. Do you know I'm not a bit surprised? I've felt before now as though I should like to have done it myself."

"He could be very nasty, Duchess!"

"I did so hate that man. But I'd give—oh, I don't know what I'd give to bring him to life again this minute. What will Lady Laura do?" In answer to this, Barrington Erle only shrugged his shoulders. Lady Laura was his cousin. "We mustn't give him up, you know, Mr. Erle."

"What can we do?"

"Surely we can do something. Can't we get it in the papers that he must be innocent—so that every body should be made to think so? And if we could get hold of the lawyers, and make them not want to—to destroy him! There's nothing I wouldn't do. There's no getting hold of a judge, I know."

"No, Duchess. The judges are stone."

"Not that they are a bit better than any body else, only they like to be safe."

"They do like to be safe."

"I'm sure we could do it if we put our shoulders to the wheel. I don't believe, you know, for a moment that he murdered him. It was done by Lizzie Eustace's Jew."

"It will be sifted, of course."

"But what's the use of sifting if Mr. Finn is to be hung while it's being done? I don't think any thing of the police. Do you remember how they bungled about that woman's necklace? I don't mean to give him up, Mr. Erle; and I expect you to help me." Then the Duchess returned home, and, as we know, found Madame Goesler at her house.

Nothing whatever was done that night either in the Lords or Commons. A "statement" about Mr. Bonteen was made in the Upper as well as in the Lower House, and after that statement any real work was out of the question. Had Mr. Bonteen absolutely been Chancellor of the Exchequer and in the Cabinet when he was murdered, and had Phineas Finn been once more an Under-Secretary of State, the commotion and excitement could hardly have been greater. Even the Duke of St. Bungay had visited the spot—well known to him, as there the urban domains meet of two great Whig peers, with whom and whose predecessors he had long been familiar. He also had known Phineas Finn, and not long since had said civil words to him and of him. He, too, had, of late days, especially disliked Mr. Bonteen, and had almost insisted that the man now murdered should not be admitted into the Cabinet. He had heard what was the nature of the evidence; had heard of the quarrel, the life-preserver, and the gray coat. "I suppose he must have done it," said the Duke of St. Bungay to himself as he walked away up Hay Hill.

CHAPTER LI.

YOU THINK IT SHAMEFUL.

THE tidings of what had taken place first reached Lady Laura Kennedy from her brother on his return to Portman Square after the scene in the police court. The object of his visit to Finn's lodgings has been explained, but the nature of Lady Laura's vehemence in urging upon her brother the performance of a very disagreeable task has not been sufficiently described. No brother would willingly go on such a mission from a married sister to a man who had been publicly named as that sister's lover, and no brother could be less likely to do so than Lord Chiltern. But